

LONDON SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

ONLY FOR THE SEASON.

CHAPTER I.

DR. SECKER MAKES A PROFESSIONAL VISIT.



THE twilight was past, the stars had come out, and a smart March wind shook the tree-tops in the avenue leading to Dykeham, the residence of Sir Francis Crevillon, Baronet.

VOL. XVI.—NO. XLV.

Dr. Carl Secker drew in his horse before the lodge-gate, and looked down at the woman who opened it with a face expressive of dissatisfaction. He had seen moving lights, like carriage-lamps, amongst the

2 C

trees, and had heard the rumble of wheels in the drive before him.

'Stop a moment,' cried Dr. Secker. Is there a—— is anything unusual going on at the Hall?'

'No, sir; only a dinner-party, I believe.'

'Oh.'

Dr. Secker passed on into the drive with speculative slowness. If Sir Francis was about to entertain dinner-guests, he had come on a vain errand, and might almost as well turn back. So it appeared at first sight, or so he made believe that it appeared; but he went on for all that in the rear of the carriages, watching the lights as they vanished behind big trees, and came twinkling into sight again.

'If they had as many starlight rides to take as I have,' mused the doctor, 'they would learn to do without lamps such a night as this. Well, I think I had better go on. I think I ought to go, professionally. A busy man can't choose his own time for visiting a patient.'

He quickened his pace a little, for if he did go on, it was important that he should reach the house before the guests were assembled. He passed a carriage or two, saw a gentleman in black, and had a vision of a white cloud of muslin and lace, and a coronet that glittered like silver. Then a groom took his horse, and he sprang up the steps and became the prey of the first official receiver, whose duty it was to hand him over to the second official receiver, who would relieve him of his coat.

'No,' objected the doctor, brusquely, for he did not much like being mistaken for an invited guest; 'show me into a morning-room, if you please, and inquire if Miss Crevillon will see me. I shall detain her but a few moments.'

He was shown into a morning-room, accordingly, and took up his position on the hearthrug, after the fashion of English gentlemen in general. While he waited, it occurred to him that his heart was beating a little faster than usual, and that he could not be said to retain that evenness of spirit and nerve which are essential to a

medical man in his visits to his patients. A certain sensation of doubt oppressed him as to the propriety of this step which he had taken; also a little haze of unreality began to rise up about the position in which he had believed himself to be placed when he mounted his horse to ride to Dykeham. He couldn't possibly have dreamed it, he supposed. And after all, what had dinner-parties, or, indeed, any arrangements at Dykeham to do with his discharge of his professional duties? As all the world knew, his time could not be called his own, and he must pay his visits as he could.

The vision which appeared to him when the door opened would, however, scarcely have been suspected of requiring medical aid. It was a cloud of white, something like that other vision which he had just before seen through a carriage window, only the first was totally uninteresting to him, whilst this one——

He made a step or two forwards, and then stopped.

'Amy!' he said, in a tone not professional.

'Oh, Carl! I ought not to have come. I stole away without their knowledge. If Lady Crevillon were to know, or Joanna——'

'Or Sir Francis,' added the doctor. 'He would hardly object to your seeing me, Amy. You forget——'

'No, I do not. But you never meant to see Sir Francis this evening?'

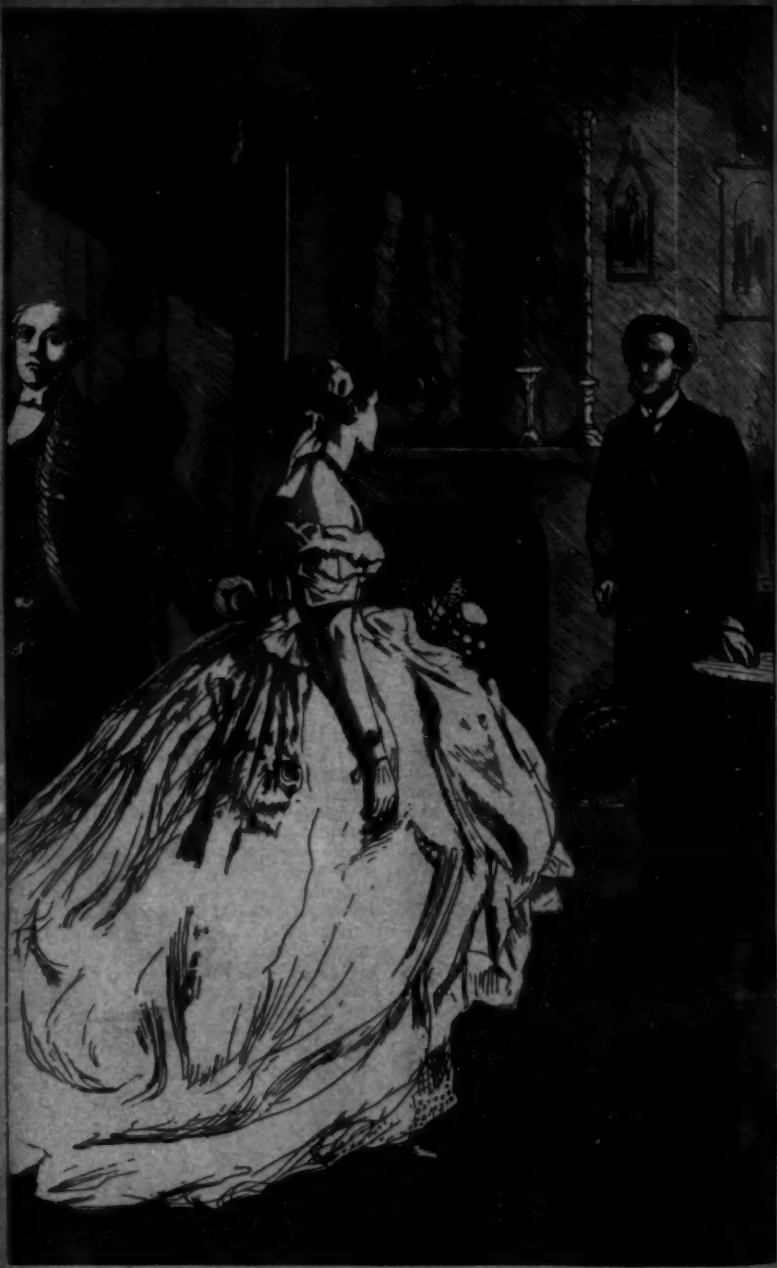
'Indeed I did.'

'Well, you'll find it to be impossible. And, Carl, I tried to tell Joanna, but she was so hard and dry that I couldn't do it.'

Dr. Secker was standing in the exact spot to which he had advanced to meet her; and he was looking down upon the carpet with a troubled expression.

'Shall I write to Sir Francis, Amy? I feel underhanded.'

'Underhanded!' cried Amy. 'You! Didn't you cure me when old Dr. Guise would have bungled away my life as a helpless incurable? Who has a better right to care for me than you have?'



[Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

ONLY FOR THE SEASON.

[See the Story.]

Then she went a little closer to him, and put her hand upon his crossed arms.

'Let me tell my guardian myself, Carl. I can manage it better than you.'

'But when?'

'Soon. To-morrow there will be people here; and the Hunt Ball at night: and then, the next day, there's the Meet at Redford Bridge.'

'Amy!' said the doctor, 'you are not going to the Meet?'

'I shall only be driven there in the carriage. It is the last Meet of the season. Let me go, Dr. Secker.'

'And the Hunt Ball to-morrow night!' said the doctor, aghast. 'You! only within the last month able to walk without assistance—'

'Stop, Carl. I want you to tell me—as my medical adviser, you know, not my—my lover—do you really think I ought not to go to balls?'

Dr. Secker hesitated. The face that looked up to his own was so childlike in its questioning; so simply in earnest about his opinion; so divested of its usual wilfulness and occasional petulance, that he felt obliged to question himself according to her distinction, as the doctor, and not the lover.

'I think dissipation bad for any one: for you, dangerous. A ball, occasionally, is not dissipation; but just at present, when I tremble sometimes to think that your recovery is hardly assured—'

'That will do. I love balls, but—'

'You love me better,' said the doctor. 'I begin to believe that I have not dreamed it all. You won't tire yourself to-night, Amy? Is it a large party?'

'Stupidly large. Don't you wish you were going to stay and—'

She broke off abruptly. Something in the young doctor's face made her fear lest the words might hurt him, either in his pride or his self-consciousness, about this secret which Sir Francis did not yet suspect. She fancied that his aspect had changed; that it was less glad and assured; and so again she laid her hand upon the arms that were crossed in grim resolve upon his breast.

'Oh, Carl! Carlo mio! never be hurt at anything I may say in my foolishness. Know better what I mean.'

And then the doctor smiled down upon her, and uncrossed his arms, letting one of them draw her to him. He thought of something else just then, which was not exactly pleasant to him; he thought of other arms which might rest, in waltz or galop, where his own was resting then; only how differently! How much less reverential; how carelessly indifferent they would be! He wished a passing wish, which others have felt before him, with reference to such dances, but he did not give it words.

'I must go now,' said Amy.

'Good-bye, Carl.'

When he was gone, she listened a little while, and then went to the window to raise a corner of the curtain and blind, that she might see him ride off. She said to herself once again, very softly, 'Carlo mio!' and then the curtain dropped over the window, and she ran up-stairs to steal into the drawing-room and be taken in to dinner. But as she passed Lady Crevillon, my lady turned round and looked at her, and Amy knew that there would be no longer any secret to keep.

She behaved very well to her neighbours at the dinner-table. She answered their remarks, smiled when it was expected of her, looked with seeming interest through the glittering silver and the hothouse flowers and ferns at the row of faces opposite to her, but all the while she was thinking what she should have to say to Sir Francis by-and-by.

When they were in the drawing-room again, Amy saw, without seeming to look at it, the approach of Lady Crevillon's velvet skirt as it swept the carpet and paused at her side.

'Was Dr. Secker here before dinner?' said her ladyship.

'Yes.'

'He came to see you, I suppose. I thought he considered your health re-established. Such an hour, too, to come!'

'I dare say he had been busy all day.'

Lady Crevillon made a grimace, signifying how extremely unimportant Dr. Secker and his business were in her eyes.

'He should have come before, if he must come. What did he say?'

Amy looked straight up at the gold eyeglass, by the help of which her ladyship was making observations.

'I am not going to tell you, Lady Crevillon,' she replied. 'I shall tell Sir Francis; but I don't think this is the time to talk about it.'

Lady Crevillon smiled, nodded, and passed on. She rather relished that bold speech of Amy's; it showed spirit. But if Dr. Secker could have known, as he rode home in the starlight, the sublime contempt with which her ladyship mentally closed upon him the doors of Dykeham, he might have been still less at ease in his own mind than he was already. If he had thought the matter over, it might have occurred to him before that the baronet would be ready enough to measure the difference between his social standing and Miss Crevillon's. He had, perhaps, perceived this in some vague general way, without attaching much importance to it; but somehow his ride to-night through Dykeham Park, with the carriages before him, seemed to have quickened his appreciation of it. When he went into his own room—that is, the room in which he generally sat—a sudden chill came over him. It was dingy: no question about that. There was a general air of dreariness about it which annoyed him. Some months ago it had been comfortable enough; but since then he had been called in, much to his own amazement, by Sir Francis Crevillon, to prescribe for that gentleman's ward and distant relative, who was considered a confirmed invalid. Dr Secker had dispersed that theory; but then he had also fallen in love, and now he began to think that he had done a very mad thing. He looked at the easy chair, covered with dingy morocco, opposite to him; and he found it impossible to place there, even in imagination, the dainty form he had seen in the morning-room at Dykeham. He could think of her there,

but here she was incongruous. The doctor's heart sank.

'I wish I was a rich man,' he said. 'I wish the Seckers——'

And then he broke off. 'No, I don't: I wish to be nothing but what I am. As to this room which annoys me, all that can be changed—shall be changed if——'

CHAPTER II.

THE MEET AT REDFORD BRIDGE.

'If you remember,' said Lady Crevillon, 'I was always against his being called in. Dr. Guise has been the family physician long enough to be trusted, one would think.'

'Only Guise didn't cure Amy,' replied Sir Francis, drily.

'How could he? She was taken out of his hands. I dare say, if the truth could be known, it was he who did the real good.'

'Scarcely fair to Dr. Secker, Lady Crevillon.'

This third speaker was Mrs. Lescar, the Baronet's daughter by a former marriage; and she did not look up to make her moderating remark, but went on with her occupation of teaching the small future baronet to make fishing flies.

'It's too cold yet, Frank. When the weather gets warmer I'll come with you down the Dyke, and see what we can do.'

Amy looked at them all, unable to speak. That Sir Francis should tell his wife about Carl was natural enough; but that Lady Crevillon should bring up the subject thus publicly, and speak of the doctor in such a way was too intolerable. And there was no one to say a word in defence of the absent, except, indeed, Joanna Lescar, whose mild interpolation fell upon Amy's rising passion like oil on flames.

'Well,' resumed her ladyship, 'it will be very annoying, no doubt. To take up a new doctor, and then discard him for the old one, carries absurdity and whim on the face of it. All I can say is that if my advice had been taken it would never have happened.'

Then Amy found words.

'Discard whom? What nonsense is it you are all talking? What authority has any one here to dispose of—my affairs in this summary manner?'

Mrs. Lescar raised her face from Frank's unskilful manipulations to look at Amy.

'What is the use of getting so excited about it?' she said to herself; and then she added, aloud, 'Gently, Amy; you forget yourself.'

'Forget myself! I think I am forgotten, rather. What is it they mean? Am I to have no voice in the matter? It concerns me a little, I believe. Were they legislated for in this sort of way, I wonder—were you, Joanna, when you married Mr. Lescar?'

For so young a widow Joanna was very calm indeed, and even smiling, about her answer.

'That was altogether different. Dr. Secker has his way to make in the world, and therefore the two cases do not admit of comparison. But if I had been legislated for, as you term it, I should have known that it was for my own good.'

'It is not for my good,' said Amy. 'I shall never be good if — But I care nothing about it: I am not going to take back my promise because you all choose to set me aside like a piece of furniture or a spoiled child.'

'My dear Amy,' said Sir Francis, 'nobody accuses you of being spoiled; but you are a child. You are under age, and must remember that I am your guardian. I am bound to say what I think of this very foolish affair—I can call it nothing better. Indeed it is altogether out of the question. Any engagement would be out of the question at present. I mean that you must see a little more of the world before you decide that it contains nothing so attractive as the lot of a country doctor's wife down at Redford.'

Sir Francis smiled when his speech was made, and sent a sort of imploring look at his ward to spare him any further argument upon a subject which did not admit of two opinions. But Amy rose from the breakfast-table, opened the French window, and went out, without

answering, into the shrubbery. The stolid complacency of Lady Crevillon's face was odious to her. All that her ladyship could do she would; and Amy knew well enough that a solid block of obstinacy offered ten times more resistance than the flying outbreaks of remonstrance or anger to which Sir Francis might give vent. As she passed through the shrubbery Frank came running after her, and held out a shawl.

'Joanna says you'll have to be nursed if you get ill again, and you are to put this on.'

Amy's first impulse was to thrust away the shawl, and pass on; but a second thought made her take it.

'Tell Joanna my life is more valuable to me than ever it was,' she answered. 'Never mind about understanding it, Frank; tell her that.'

'Do you think I'm a baby?' retorted the boy, nodding. 'But if I were you I'd be ill again, and then Secker would have to come. Mind, I don't say you are to do it, but I should. Secker gave me a jolly good gallop on his bay mare yesterday; and he's got the primest fishing-rod you ever saw.'

Amy walked on into the park, and reached a spot where a clump of ash trees partially hid the Dykeham chimneys. She wanted to be out of sight and sound of the house below; to get away from all memory of those jarring voices, with their calm decisions and phlegmatic platitudes. What did they know about it, any of them? What did Joanna, who was young, and ought to know, feel in that dull, passive heart of hers?

'If you get ill you'll have to be nursed.' That was all they cared for her, any of them. She did not complain of that; she did not want them to care now. Only, when there was one who did care why must they set their faces against him, and talk about seeing the world? She wanted nothing more out of the world than had been given to her—one heart out of it all for her own.

A clock in the ungainly tower which marked the Dykeham stables struck ten, and she started up with a sudden recollection that eleven

was the hour for the meet at Redford Bridge, and she had told Carl she should be there. And she had to get back to the house and dress.

'Which I shall do,' she reflected, 'in just ten minutes. I must go after saying I should. He might be there.'

She did not consider how very improbable it was that the doctor would have any time to spare for such a purpose. She knew, indeed, as a general fact, that he was busy from morning till night; but she did not apply the knowledge in this case.

No one made any remark when she went down-stairs dressed to go with Lady Crevillon and Joanna. They seemed to take it as a matter of course that this little affair was of no consequence—a trifle which would blow over and make no difference. The less said about it the better.

'If Dr. Secker makes a formal application to you,' said Lady Crevillon, 'of course you will decidedly refuse your consent.'

Sir Francis bit his lip. He was fond of considering himself totally unbiassed by his wife, and dependent only on his own judgment. He said, briefly, 'I shall think about it. Too violent an opposition would be as foolish as compliance.'

And the subject was dropped. He rode down to the Meet beside his wife's carriage, very silent the whole time, looking at Amy occasionally with some faint stirring of pity and sympathy coming up from under the weight of years and going forth towards her. This young doctor was a fine, generous fellow; there could be no doubt about that; and then he came of a good family. As to his generosity, ask the starving poor, who huddled together in the back-slums and alleys of Redford. As a magistrate, and chairman of the Board of Guardians at the Redford Union, Sir Francis knew a little more of these miserable paupers than his wife did, and of the doctor who never refused to help them, and never asked a fee from those who could not afford to give it.

Did Amy really care very much for him? Would it hurt her to give

him up? Did she care as much as he, the baronet, had cared years ago, when——, 'Pish' ejaculated Sir Francis, fretfully; 'what's the use of that?'

It did not look like being unhappy, he thought, to come of her own free will to see the hounds throw off. She should go with him and Lady Crevillon up to town, and that would shake it all off, if he knew anything of a girl's nature. When they reached the bridge and stood amongst a crowd of other carriages, men in red coats and men in black coats, ready mounted, and a pack of motley followers on foot out of the town, Sir Francis went to Amy's side and spoke good-humouredly.

'If the carriage follows far enough you'll see one or two of those ladies take the fence up at Pecket's withy-bed in gallant style. Don't you wish you were mounted?'

'No, Sir Francis.'

The baronet turned away disappointed. He wanted to forget all that little morning scene, and to get over the effects of it, and Amy's respectfully antagonistic reply vexed him. Nevertheless he told the coachman to keep up with the others as far as Pecket's withy-bed; and Amy did see one or two ladies take the fence, from which sight she turned away uttering a single word of disapproval, which might perhaps be partially due to her disappointment in not having seen anything of Dr. Secker.

'It's what I never could do in my life,' said Joanna, bending forward with some show of eagerness. 'But those girls are more at home in the hunting-field than the ball-room. Their costume last night was absurd in the extreme. We shall see what sort of figure they cut at luncheon.'

'In my young days,' said Lady Crevillon, 'I could have taken such a fence as that myself; but I seldom did it. I don't think fast young ladies were admired in those days. Now we had better go home; there is never any run to speak of here, even if they find, which is doubtful, and I should like to be comfortably at home before the people begin to come back.'

It was some time after this that Dr. Secker, riding slowly up the road towards Bedford, saw the carriages turn one after another into the Dykeham drive, and could not help stopping to look after them. He scanned the scarlet cloaks, the black hats with their tiny white feathers, the tiger-skin rugs and the heraldic devices with an unquiet mind. It was not altogether that he had thought to find Amy Crevillon amongst them and failed. The contrast which all this presented to himself on his jaded horse, himself worn out and hungry, and the commonplace home, with its commonplace appliances, to which he was going, pressed upon him uncomfortably. What had he done? What would the world, at least its representatives in this neighbourhood, say he had done? They talked of Miss Crevillon as an heiress. That the supposition was as likely to be false as true he believed. He cared nothing about it, but then who would believe that of him?

He turned away from the Dykeham lodge and passed on. He went home and ate his dinner drearily, wondering if Amy had told Sir Francis, and if so, what had Sir Francis said; and lastly, what would Sir Francis say to a letter which was even then in course of compilation in the young man's mind?

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

It shone already in the evening sky, while the departing sun scattered tints of gold and purple over the earth, and threw long shadows down from the trees in the Dykeham shrubbery.

For a whole month until now Dr. Secker had seen Amy but once, and that once accidentally. Coming out of that region in the town of Bedford which was called emphatically the Irish quarter, Carl, emerging suddenly into one of the broader streets, saw the dark-blue panels of the Dykeham carriage as it drove past. He saw also a quick, impulsive, and openly eager recognition of himself as he stood in that dark opening which led to the Irish quar-

ter, and he forgot all the misery he had left behind him to follow in his thoughts that carriage up the Dykeham drive. He had seen her, and had been recognised. It was odd, he thought, that this sense of contrast should so pertinaciously trouble him. There was something false about it he knew, something which would not bear analysis. Only, the thing was, had he been wise and right in trying to bring Amy down from this luxurious life of hers? Was it right of him to wish that she could share his anxieties and cares as well as his joys? Dr. Secker could not answer the question to his own satisfaction. If he had been less thoughtful and clear-sighted he might have said, 'She shall never know anything but joy; my cares I will keep from her;' but he knew better than to say so, or to think so.

Since that meeting in Bedford, however, the aspect of affairs had changed a little. The doctor had got his answer from Sir Francis, and found himself hardly able to comprehend his own position. Sir Francis represented himself as standing in the place of Amy's father. He could not give his consent to his ward's entering into any such engagement as the one Dr. Secker did her the honour to propose—at present. He considered that she was very young—too young, indeed, to know her own mind. He required that she should see a little more of the world before entering into one of those rash compacts which young people are so ready to make and so apt to regret. He did not wish to be tyrannical; so far as he could see there was no need for any violent rupture between his ward and Dr. Secker. Such things were always remarked upon and productive of mischievous gossip. He thought it better, however, that they should not meet often just at present; and then Sir Francis prosed a little and finished off, leaving the doctor in a hopeless maze of uncertainty and confusion. It seemed to him that the whole thing was treated in the slightest possible way, as an affair of no importance, which was, in fact, exactly the view Sir Francis wished to be taken of it. He did

not wish to oppose his ward with any strength of entreaty or command; it would, he thought, be both troublesome and productive of harm instead of good; and as he meant to remove her from the doctor's neighbourhood, there was no need absolutely to forbid their meeting at present.

But the doctor did not wait to be forbidden; he would not go to Dykeham to put himself in the way of being insulted by Lady Crevillon or her husband. His resolution might have failed him; the fever of indignation and pride into which he had worked himself might not have been strong enough to keep him away when he heard about the town journey; but before he did hear of it chance favoured him. He saw Amy at the Dykeham lodge in passing, and then all his anger, and pride, and self-torment fled away, and in another moment he was walking up the drive with her. He would do nothing underhanded; if he met her and spoke to her they should know that he did so; and therefore he meant to go up the whole length of the drive, into the shrubbery, and before the windows, in order that no one might accuse him of any clandestine dealing.

'And so Sir Francis didn't tell you,' began Amy. And then she stopped and looked at the doctor, with the dying sunlight on his face, and an instinctive knowledge that she was going to give him pain made her put up her left hand to clasp its fellow round his arm.

'Didn't tell me what?' said Carl.

'That he and Lady Crevillon are going to town, and——'

'You are going with them?'

'Yes.'

'No,' said Carl, 'he didn't tell me that.'

'But it is only for the season.'

'Oh!' ejaculated the doctor, 'only for the season!'

As he said it that last ray of sunlight left the earth, and Carl's face grew very dark as he looked on straight into the western clouds.

So this was the plan, then. They meant to take her away into that unquiet whirl which would be so bad for her; they meant to make

her forget him if they could; perhaps they would succeed; they meant to marry her to some more desirable catch in the matrimonial market, if the thing were possible. Of one thing he was very certain. If she went up to town and lived the life usually lived by young ladies in their first season it would kill her.

'Amy,' said the doctor, 'are they mad, do you suppose?'

'Who?'

He did not answer. A sullen spirit of self-renunciation came upon him. He would give her up; he would go to Sir Francis then and relinquish all claim—as if he had any claim! Well, then, he might promise never to see her again if they would leave her in peace.

'It is nothing so very shocking, Carl; and it isn't my fault. You should not look angry about it.'

'Angry!' repeated Carl, turning towards her. 'Perhaps it does look like anger, too. It is only because I find it so terrible to think of losing you, Amy. It is because I know, if no one else does, how small an exertion will be too much for you; and I know also something of a young lady's life in the London season.'

'It will not be necessary for me to do all that other young ladies do.'

'But you won't like being left behind.'

'I shall like doing what I know would please you. I shall take care of myself.'

But that was not all. There was another fear, perhaps even less easy to lay to rest than that one. After all, was it absolutely necessary that she should go? Had Sir Francis any real, valid authority to take her from him?—unless, indeed, it had been her own choice to go! He drew back his arm sharply as the thought occurred to him. He wanted to ask her that question, but somehow he dreaded the answer too much to ask it.

'I wouldn't go if I could help it,' said Amy. 'But Sir Francis has been very kind, Carl; and it is better to give way in a small matter like this, you know.'

A small matter! It is probable that the doctor thought it anything but a small matter.

'And then, if you would but be happy about it, I really think I should enjoy it, Carl. In six months' time I shall be twenty-one, and my own mistress.'

As though she had read a certain bitter thought of his, some vague reflection of it came into Amy's own mind as they walked on slowly towards the house. When they reached the shrubby gate, she said, all at once, 'Carl, what is it you are afraid of?'

But he would not tell her.

Amy leaned against the gate and looked at him, possibly not altogether displeased at the thought she had detected.

'Say good-bye to me here, Carl. If we go into the house, there will be Lady Crevillon, and she will watch us. We shall have to bow to each other like two solemn ghosts, for they don't believe that I mean to keep my word to you. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, my love—my own dear love!'

'Listen,' said Amy; 'I kiss you because you are a coward. I know what it is you are afraid of. People say a man's faith isn't like a woman's, and I begin to think so myself. They will not let you bind me by any engagement, but understand, Carl, that I am bound. Until you yourself, of your own free will, give me back my promise, I am yours.—Remember that!'

They passed through the gate, and came suddenly upon Mrs. Lescar, walking, to meet them, through the shrubs. Amy repressed a start of dismay, repeated 'Good-bye, Carl,' and ran into the house; and the doctor shook hands with Mrs. Lescar in some confusion. He fancied that she had heard those last words. He thought, too, that her passionless face was a little less calm than usual—a little touched with some faint reflection of an emotion of which he had hardly conceived her capable. On the impulse of the moment, and under the influence of that passing sympathy, he spoke.

'Mrs. Lescar, I am very unhappy. I think Sir Francis scarcely understands how very much his ward stands in need of care—how very fragile she is.'

Mrs. Lescar smiled gravely.

'Lady Crevillon will see to that, I think. It is scarcely in my father's line.'

'One word more,' said the doctor, stammering; 'a very great favour. You will remain here, I believe. If I might sometimes be permitted to call—to hear—there can be no great harm in my hearing occasionally through you—'

As he did not seem to know exactly what he wanted to say, and Mrs. Lescar did, she interrupted him to answer. She really had been touched for a moment by Amy's bold little speech, and the doctor was quite right. There could be no harm in his calling at Dykeham now and then to inquire after an old patient. It might even be productive of good. So she said, 'Yes, I shall remain at Dykeham for the present; Frank will be left at home, and he is a great charge. Come as often as you like, Dr. Secker.'

He made his acknowledgments and went away, Amy watching him from the window of her own room as long as he was in sight. Then she turned to the dressing-table, began to collect and pick up the little ornaments and trinkets, and suddenly dropped them all again, and put her face down on the table with a great sob.

'Oh, Carl!—Carlo mio! If I should die in that great, stupid London, and never see him again! Nobody ever loved me before that I remember! Why are they so hard upon us? What does it matter to them?'

Dr. Secker walked back towards the town leisurely, and the moon got brighter and brighter above his head. He looked up, and saw that there were no clouds over her—none near her. Surely he might take it as a good omen. She danced in a thousand silver ripples upon the river, and lighted up the big red stones, which marked the ford, a good half-mile from the bridge. The water was so low that he could see the stones, like a path, the whole way across. It would save him a mile's walk round, he thought, and he went over, slipping two or three times, and hearing the water sop out

of his boots as he walked on dry land again. For this, or any other physical discomfort, he did not at that moment care. He turned his face towards those woods, dark in the distance, amongst which he could no longer see the roof that covered Amy. But the moon was shining over it, and him, and the beautiful, quiet scene around him. The light of her promise was in his heart; what had he to do with anything but hope and loyal trust?

CHAPTER IV.

LADY CREVILLON'S LETTER.

The young May moon grew old, and her lustre faded, and Dr. Secker began to wonder why it was that each day's work seemed to take the heart out of him in a way it had never been used to do. Mrs. Lescar could have nothing to do with it. Her immovable face chilled him, it was true, and her wise, even incontestable remarks and speeches; but then that must have been his own fault. She always spoke sensibly, when she did speak. She was friendly towards him; as friendly, he thought, as it was her nature to be towards any one. He had not tested her very much, nor taken too frequent advantage of her general invitation. Why was it that, go to Dykeham as hopeful as he would, he always left it with a sinking heart?—as though he had been in the presence of a silent, secret protest against his love for Amy!—as though, by the working of some subtle influence, he would have to come by-and-by to the acknowledgment that he had done a thing unwise, not quite right, and inconsequent, since nothing could ever come of it! He could not tell why it was.

More moons passed away, and the fields were getting yellow for the harvest. Through the hot sun of August the doctor walked one day across those yellow fields to the Red Ford, and thence to Dykeham. Mrs. Lescar, sitting at an open window, saw him coming up the drive at a distance, and the work on which she was engaged

dropped for a single idle moment on her lap. How long would the doctor continue to come to her for news of Amy? It came into her head just then that she would show him a letter which Lady Crevillon had written to her two or three days ago. She was no mischief-maker; had no desire to hurt any one. In her passionless way she felt at times that it was rather a pity the young doctor had allowed himself to get into this troublesome knot. For it was now, and had been from the first, her opinion that nothing serious could ever come of the engagement. She hardly knew why. Perhaps, as people so often do, she put together her friend's circumstances and her own feelings. She could never have thought of marrying the doctor. As to loving him, that was altogether another matter. If a man is your husband, of course you will love him—so Joanna held. But she, if she had been about to marry, would have looked out for what the world might look upon and approve of as a good match—a proper, perhaps wealthy, alliance. So Amy should do, of course; and so she would find out for herself, after seeing a little of life. The sooner this foolish, childish arrangement was forgotten, the better.

'Secker's coming!' said Master Frank, putting his head into the room with noisy abruptness.

Mrs. Lescar disliked a noise, but she also disliked the trouble of reproving her young stepbrother, who generally maintained his right to the last word.

'Come here, Frank, and pick up my wool-case. Thank you. What makes you so fond of Dr. Secker?'

'Because he's no end of a sw—no, he isn't a swell, either. Because he's a brick.'

'But you know that those words are vulgar, and meaningless too. What can be the sense of calling a man a brick? Wait a bit, I haven't done with you. Dr. Secker has business with me, and I don't wish you to be in the way. You had better go on with your play until he has finished what he has to say to me, then you can come in.'

The young gentleman uttered a

groan of strong disapproval, kicked over a footstool, and banged the door after him.

A quarter of an hour after that, Mrs. Lescar was sitting opposite the doctor, working away as busily as if her daily bread had depended upon that mass of beads and tent stitch. And Dr. Secker had a letter in his hand, which, however, by this time he was only pretending to read, having mastered its contents some time since.

'A little gaiety seems to have done my cousin no harm,' said Joanna.

Dr. Secker would have felt that there was quiet malice in the speech, if his faculties had been awake to take it in. As it was, he felt an insane desire to fling that one word back to her, and say, 'She is not your cousin; she is no relation to you.'

Mrs. Lescar looked very composed and quiet—too quiet to hurt any one: but a wasp is quiet while he stings you.

It was the doctor's own fault that he had read that letter. Joanna simply broke off in her answer to his inquiries, and said, 'Perhaps you would like to see for yourself what Lady Crevillon says.'

What he had seen might not, at another time, have taken so strong an effect upon him, though he could hardly have disregarded it altogether; but now it fell upon that confused heap of queries and doubts which Mrs. Lescar had helped to pile up in his mind; and it fell also upon a paragraph which he had read in that morning's newspaper, and had called 'Lies, like most other reports.' The paragraph ran thus:—

'A marriage is on the tapis between Lord Frederic Page and Miss Crevillon, daughter of the late Colonel Crevillon, and ward of Sir Francis Crevillon, of Dykeham.'

And in Lady Crevillon's letter he read, 'Lord Frederic is very attentive, and I am quite sure Amy likes him in her heart. But she seems anxious and unhappy; and unless there was some promise ungenerously extorted from her before she left home, which she, poor child, thinks it would be dishonourable to break,

I cannot understand her. She evidently liked him so much at first, and now she is shy—has taken to blushing; and once after he had been here I saw her crying.'

Dr. Secker sat for some time very quiet, but the movement of Mrs. Lescar's long needle and the flying about of a piece of crimson wool tortured him. He got up and walked about the room, trying with all his might to find out what he ought to do, and do it, or, at any rate, resolve to do it. Lady Crevillon's words were offensive enough; the more so because he knew now that report had not lied when it called Amy an heiress. Everything was against him. Mrs. Lescar knew well enough what he was thinking about, but she had no intention of arguing the matter with him. She did not mean to give herself any trouble, or stir in the affair at all vehemently. If he asked her opinion he should have it, as indeed he always did have it.

'Freddy Page,' said Mrs. Lescar, meditatively. 'Why, he was a little boy in pinafores when I first knew him! To be sure that must be fifteen years ago. I suppose he is about Amy's age. As a boy he was very handsome; but good-looking boys don't always develop into handsome men.'

All this was gall and wormwood to the doctor; fretting him intolerably. What possible interest did she suppose he would take in hearing about the good looks of Lord Frederic Page?

'Do you think,' said Carl at last, weakly yielding to his pain, perplexity, and bitter longing that some one should throw a little discredit on the statement; 'do you think it is true that—that Amy—'

He turned back without finishing the speech to his walk up and down the room.

'Dr. Secker,' said Joanna, 'believe me when I say I am very sorry for you.'

So she was. The calmest hearts dislike to witness suffering; and suffering was so very palpable in the doctor's tone and manner that she could not help seeing it.

'Very sorry,' she repeated. 'But I always give my opinion frankly

when it is asked; and I always did think that this affair was unfortunate; never likely to lead to anything but pain for you, possibly for Amy also. Opposition was a thing she would not tolerate; the very thought of it only made her more determined and rebellious. But then she was very young, and had been so long an invalid, that very great allowance must be made for her.'

The doctor, touched by the unwonted energy of that 'very sorry,' walked up to her and said, putting his hands together, as he did when he was agitated—

'Then you think, Mrs. Lescar—for I know you heard that promise of Amy's—you think I ought to release her from it?'

'I think,' said Joanna, 'that you would be acting the part of a wise and generous man if you did so.'

The doctor stood to all appearance calmly looking down upon the wool-work, and streaks of crimson and gold crossed each other in intricate confusion before his eyes. This was the hardest thing he had ever been called upon to do in his whole life. He was not yet sure that he could do it.

'If it is for her happiness——' he said. And then he held out his hand. 'Good-bye, Mrs. Lescar. I must think about it.'

Joanna looked at him with some faint stirring of admiration, as she had looked at the two ladies who took the double ditch at Pecket's withy-bed; a little pity too she felt, but no remorse. She had only acted for the best, and, so far as she knew it, had told the truth.

'Would you like this?' she said, offering him the letter. 'Take it if you would. It may be a help to you to refer to it.'

The doctor took it without a word, and went away. But he did not go home. He went about the whole sultry afternoon amongst the poorest and most wretched of his patients. He might have had some dim thought of self-teaching in this; of bringing before himself misery of another kind, but, so far as appearance went, infinitely greater than his own. But he was not very clear in his own mind what he did it for. He

never went home till the moon had risen; another moon; never more the same radiant queen that had shone for him on that May night long past. Well, it had been a mistake. Better far that it had been discovered now than that she should have married him to find it out afterwards.

And then he went in to write his letter; a letter so sorrowful and tender, in spite of all his honest efforts to make it exactly what it should be, and no more;—a full and unreserved release from that promise by which she held herself bound, and which he feared had been a grave error;—that the answer for which he watched daily struck him when it came, like a blow upon a broken limb. There were in Amy's envelope two words only in answer to the letter which had cost him so much. They were, 'Very well!' written seemingly in careless haste; the 'V' blotted and repeated in inverse on the fold of the paper. They could have cost her scarcely a moment, or a moment's thought, he said in his bitterness. No hesitation; not a single backward look of remorse for what he must suffer. Well, whatever that might be, he was glad that she should be unhurt. And thus they parted.

CHAPTER V.

AMONGST THE FALLEN GRAIN.

Dr. Secker was right, inasmuch as her two words of answer had cost Amy no deliberation. How could she deliberate? He made no charge against her, or himself. He simply absolved her from her word to him. Under the circumstances there was but one thing to be done, and she did it.

Lady Crevillon knew nothing of the matter from Amy; knew nothing of it in fact until she heard from Joanna; consequently she did not understand the sudden change of manner which was apparent in Amy just at this time. On the morning of the arrival of Carl's letter Amy having sealed her own reply to it, turned to her ladyship and said—

'I should like to change my mind and go with you to-night, if I may.'

Lady Crevillon made a slight gesture of astonishment before she answered—

'Come by all means. But I thought you said that one hearing of "Faust" was enough?'

Amy could not explain—'I refused for Carl's sake, and because I knew Lord Frederic would be there and would join us.' She said nothing, therefore, allowing Lady Crevillon to think what she liked. It was quite true that she herself did not care about hearing 'Faust' again. It must be recollected that this was her first season in town, and she had certain angles of simplicity and prejudice which were yet to be worn smooth. The dying scene frightened her. It seemed a terrible thing to see so many figures sink on their knees in the presence of a death which was only mimicry. The contrivance for taking poor Gretchen's soul to heaven appeared to her so palpably clumsy that it gave her a feeling of relief after the awful reality of the former scene; but she did not care to go through it all a second time. Altogether she had not thought it would be giving up much to spend one evening at home and alone. But now all that was changed.

Carl himself if he had seen her would have been at a loss to find the source of that wonderful brilliancy which rose to her eyes; the carmine that tinted her lips, and the atmosphere of strong excitement that surrounded her. He might have liked to sit in the stalls and watch her furtively; he might have looked on and dreamed himself back into the enchanted palace until the advent of another figure, dark-robed, sinister; the figure of Lord Frederic Page, which placed itself beside Lady Crevillon. Then he would have turned away. He could not have remained to see another man devote himself to the goddess who had once trodden the floor of his own airy castle.

When Amy went home that night she did what was still more astonishing to Lady Crevillon, unless indeed, her ladyship reflected, Lord Frederic was in reality effacing all

traces of that unhappy Redford entanglement.

'Lady Crevillon,' said Amy, 'you remember the proposal you and Sir Francis were good enough to make this morning, and to which I objected?'

'Proposal! What, about taking you—'

'Yes,' interrupted Amy. 'I have no longer any objection; indeed I should like it very much.'

Lady Crevillon did not this time make any remark, as she had done about 'Faust.' She was very well contented, though she could not help remembering together with the morning's proposal Amy's very decided 'No. I want to go back to Dykeham,' and wondering a little at the change. But of course it was all for the best. Her ladyship knew that Joanna would take care of Frank; she could trust her step-daughter so far, since if Joanna cared for anyone in the world it was Frank. Yes, of course it was for the best. The longer they could keep Amy away from that Redford man the better.

And the unhappy doctor went about his work as usual, and did his best to bear his sorrow like a brave man; stopping every now and then in the midst of other thoughts to think about her; stopping in his country walks to lean over stiles and watch, first the green hay fly about from the ponderous, many-spiked machines of blue and red; after that the corn as it fell down before the scythes and sickles of the reapers; and finally the motley throng of gleaners, legal and illegal, who rushed in to quarrel over the fragments of the spoil, and to announce that harvest was over. Dr. Secker moved amongst these, an absent spectator; hearing the sounds of them dully, as one hears the accompaniment to an air. He was far away in the big city of cities. He was in a mighty region of the mighty west. He was here and there in the flash of a polished scythe in the sunlight, and the busy tinkle of the whetstone was to him the far-off music of trained hands. He saw the Serpentine where other eyes looked down upon the pleasant

dyke. The gate on which he leaned became to him the railing of Rotten Row. And as he looked upon the riders he saw—who was that fairest amongst the fair equestrians, and who was her escort? Not Sir Francis, but the other one, the boy on the other side? Intuitively he sketched the portrait of the young noble. The dainty, town-bred pal-lo, the light, downy moustaches and whiskerless young cheeks; the splendid riding equipment, and the glossy horse with a neck like Diana's bow.

How could he, Carl Secker, ever have thought to keep to himself a pearl so rare as that one lost to him now?

When the harvest was over there was a thanksgiving service, and a great day of festivity and rejoicing in Redford. The doctor had not meant to be present amongst the merry-makers; he was not in a state of mind for the sort of thing. He thought he should do better by going to visit those whom feebleness or infirmity would keep at home. His patients said of him that his manner was gentler and kinder than it had ever been; as perhaps it was. But when in passing homewards he saw the big tent and the flags flying above it, Dr. Secker stopped, as he used to stop and watch the reapers, to look over the hedge into the field. He saw men and women who had feasted and were merry; he saw big boys and little boys tumbling over each other for the very glee and abandon of the thing, to the music of the 'Dixie's Land Polka,' the most popular melody which the Redford band had on its list. The doctor saw also a group of ladies and gentlemen standing in the entrance to the tent, and while he was looking on, Mrs. Lescar and Frank left the group and moved a little farther up the field. Carl had not troubled Mrs. Lescar much of late; he had rather held aloof from any meeting with her. Through her the stab had come; and however little she had been to blame, the sight of her was not pleasant to his eyes. But now it came into his mind that September was nearly over, and the Dykeham family would probably be

coming back soon. It was nothing to him, of course, but still he thought he should like to know; so he went into the field and joined the two as they stood near the impromptu orchestra.

'They all seem very happy, don't they?' said Mrs. Lescar. 'I have been helping to supply these people with tea, Dr. Secker. I wonder what you, as a medical man, would have thought of the quantity of that fluid and of ponderous plum cake which a single individual can make away with.'

'Poor things!' said the doctor. 'They don't get it very often, some of them.'

'No? A very good thing for them, too, I should say.'

The doctor refrained from asking any question. He was certain that Joanna knew what he had joined her for, and he would not give her the triumph of seeing his impatience.

'I suppose you won't stay here long,' he said. 'The days begin to close in early.'

'No, we shall be going directly. You never come to Dykeham now, Dr. Secker. Too busy, I suppose? I heard from Lady Crevillon this morning. They are——. Frank, Frank, how very rude! Let me beg——'

'Never mind him,' interrupted the doctor. 'Frank and I are old friends. They are coming home, did you say?'

'No. Going down the Rhine. Probably thence to Rome, but the route seems uncertain.'

The doctor would have liked to go away then; but he felt Joanna's eye upon him, calmly curious, as though she wondered, just as a matter of curiosity, how this news affected him.

'I hope—that they are all well,' said Carl.

'Quite well, I believe, thank you. Lady Crevillon says my cousin is anticipating the journey with great delight. But that is natural; she has never been able to travel much before. I believe Lord Frederic Page and his sister are about to take a similar tour.'

In all this Carl felt, with a sting of

exasperated rebellion, that there was cruelty—cold and tranquil cruelty. He could forgive her for playing with him a little at first. People do that sometimes to increase their own importance as the holders of valuable information; but she need not have told him about Amy's delight. Why did she do it? Was it experimental, or for the mere pleasure of using her power to torment?

He said something about its getting late, and took off his hat to her, eschewing the customary hand-shake. Joanna's hand was cold, like herself. He could feel it through her glove; passionless, limp, incapable of giving a strong, healthy grasp.

He was not to get away thus, however. He had forgotten Master Frank's efforts to attract his attention; but the young gentleman was at his elbow before he got to the gate of the field.

'I say, why wouldn't you listen to me just now? Can you row, doctor?'

'Row!' repeated Carl, helplessly. 'Row what?'

'A boat, to be sure. I'm going to have one. Pecket, the basket-maker, has got one, and it only wants painting up. It's to be painted green, and it will cost a lot of money; but it's to be a regular little clipper. I shall keep it under the willows in Davis's Hole; but mind, you are not to tell.'

To the doctor's mind, distracted with other thoughts, the boy's speech was very hazy; but he heard something about a boat, and Davis's Hole, and tried to subdue his own impatience, and humour the lad's enthusiasm for the new toy, as he generally did.

'It's to be a yacht complete, eh? Sails and rigging, of course, and a crew from Lilliput. Well, I'll come and see you sail it some day; but mind, Frank, don't you go too near Davis's Hole. Remember what it was named from. Keep to the ponds in the park.'

The doctor did not see the look of amazement and contempt with which Frank received his advice, nor hear the tone in which the boy repeated to himself, 'See me sail

it! Keep to the ponds in the park, indeed!' He was too much occupied to think anything more just then of Frank or his amusements. 'Amy was anticipating her journey with much delight,' and Lord Frederic would be with her. Well, it was quite clear that he himself had done right; nay, it was just possible that Mrs. Lescar had been actuated by a kindly motive in telling him all this, and he had wronged her. She might have wished to satisfy him as to the wisdom of his proceeding. Yes, of course he had done right; and now it was all over, and he could never hope to see Amy again, unless, indeed, he saw her as the wife of Lord Frederic Page. He hoped he never might do that. He said words which were not gentle at all respecting Lord Frederic, in which he was unjust, since Lord Frederic had never injured him knowingly in any way; but people in the doctor's present circumstances are not always just. He looked up at the blank windows of his house with a dull impatience. If there had only been some stirring time before him—some great rush of work or excitement! But to go on in the same mill-horse round of visits; to bear patiently with the garrulous list of new diseases, or new symptoms of the hypochondriac up at Redford Grange, who expected to see him daily, and to have a daily change of treatment; to listen to and answer the well-known phrases of his richer patients; and then the never-failing, 'Ah, thin, doctor, sure it's the drink 'tices him; if it wasn't for that he'd be as good to us as gold,' of the Irish quarter. And all this with the consciousness sore about his heart that the one star which had filled his path with tender light was gone from the sky, to shine no more for him for ever.

CHAPTER V.

DROWNED IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

Dr. Secker was walking down the drive from Dykeham, and the purple shadows of an October sunset fell across the road before him, but he never noticed them. He was think-

ing about the sentence with which Mrs. Lascar had greeted him, herself unmoved, yet uttering the words with a certain rhythm of the solemn dignity which always hangs about such tidings.

'A very shocking thing has happened, Dr. Secker. Lord Frederic Page is dead; drowned in the Bay of Naples.'

Whatever more she had said, or he had answered, the doctor scarcely knew. He was only anxious to get away from the presence of the woman who spoke so quietly of an event which filled him at once with a strange terror. He could not get rid of the words; they came back like an echo from the dumb lips of pictures on the walls; they repeated themselves to his footsteps when he walked away from the house; they sounded in the cawing of homeward-wheeling rooks above him—'Drowned in the Bay of Naples!'

He might have heard, if he would, a boy's voice calling to him; or he might have seen a dark boyish figure running in the direction of the lodge to meet him there. But the doctor saw nothing but the sunlight flashing along a blue bay, and the ripple of cool waters that lapped the shore, and whispered to it of the prey borne from its bosom too late. He was thinking what a terrible thing it is to be cut off suddenly, without a shadow of warning out of the very midst of all the sunny joys that cluster round a smooth young life and make it dear. No spark of hope rose on the sadness of the doctor's picture. If such a sparkle had risen he would have hated himself, and fought it back, but none such did rise. The thing was too sudden, too terrible. Individual hopes and possibilities were swallowed in the awfulness of this one stroke which had cut down a man in his prime from off the golden earth. Of all the merry party that were with the drowned man—young and hearty like himself—not one had perished. All were picked up and brought to consciousness again save this one. For him there was no more any throb to come into the still heart; no more any word of love or joy or pain to issue from

the silent lips. And there was a widowed mother to mourn for him, and brothers older and younger than himself, and a sister. But it was of none of these that Carl Secker thought when his imagination travelled from this individual unit of the human mass fighting vainly with the waters of death to those left behind.

It was of Amy that he thought; Amy, whom he had taught himself to associate constantly with the dead man. It was for her that his heart ached; for her he was sorry—sorry with an intensity of pity which had nothing in it, as he fancied, of the old love. In the presence of death that must be still and dead too. Another love had lived for her; had been to her perhaps what she once was to him. The doctor's heart was very sad for her; it went out to her with that puzzled, painful incertitude which longs to comfort but can find no way. He could not comfort her; no one living could. Into the space, brief, but to him a measureless gulf, which separated them had been crowded for her, as for himself, the joy and sorrow of a life. Where was she now? Whose lips would comfort her for those which never were to speak to her again?

Time, or rather thought, which acknowledges no time nor space, had fled very fast with him since he heard those tidings. A shadowy notion came to him of having heard them before, long ago, or something like them, or of having dreamed them. Was there anything of the dreamer about him now, and should he wake up presently to find it all false?

He struck his cane upon the gravel sharply, and walked on. Outside the lodge gate the figure which had been running to meet him stood, flinging stones in the direction of the river.

The doctor looked at Frank Crevillon doubtfully, as though he too might have sprung from the misty land of brain-created ghost, and was hardly to be spoken to; but Frank jerked away his last pebble, and turned round.

'I wanted to see you, doctor. Nobody will tell unless it is you, and I

wanted to remind you that you mustn't. I mean about my boat. You see they are coming home, and they would be worse now than ever, because—

Of the whole sentence Dr. Secker seized only that one salient point; that one brief phrase which sent the rest into the background of total obscurity. Mrs. Leecar had told him nothing of that, and he had laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and cut short his speech with an abrupt sharpness for which Frank was not prepared.

'Coming home!' repeated Carl. 'Never mind your playthings now; who are coming?'

'Papa and mamma, to be sure, and Amy; and then—'

'Oh, Frank!' ejaculated the doctor, in a strange hoarse voice, 'be a good boy to her—to them. Be very gentle and good to them. Remember they have had a terrible shock.'

And Carl walked away rapidly, leaving the boy to stand in the road and stare after him with an expression of helpless bewilderment.

'Who has had a terrible shock?' he grumbled. 'What shock? What makes him, of all people, so cranky with a fellow? I wonder does he take my boat for a plaything, really? Well, I don't think he'll blab; he's not the sort.'

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE PLEASANT DYKE.

A November day, but still sunny and genial. Dr. Secker passed up the side of the dyke towards the Red Ford, from whence, in this autumn barrenness of foliage, Dykeham would be plainly visible. He scarcely took the trouble to ask himself why that path was chosen. She was at home again; but then she was nothing to him, so it could not be that. The old places might know her again, but he never saw her. She was ill. From day to day he saw the carriage of Dr. Guise turn in at the drive gate, and knew that the old man was going to see Amy. Was it grief, he wondered, or the sudden shock, or had she in reality

overtaken herself as he once feared she would do? There was no knowing this; no knowing what Dr. Guise thought in the impenetrability of his own mind, about the case over which he shook his head and mumbled predication which might mean something or nothing. Carl did not care to make too many inquiries of Dr. Guise. The old man and the young one were not antagonistic; but they differed, as youth and age will. Especially in this case Carl's lips were sealed. He wondered, as he walked on, switching the bushes with his stick, what sort of treatment Dr. Guise affected, and whether it was of any use. He did not wish that he himself had been called in. The thing would have been too painful, too impossible. Not that he could not be perfectly calm about Amy, thinking of her sorrow with a brother's pity; but then he did not want to be brought into closer contact with her. In that, Sir Francis had been wise. But he could not help speculating about her. Would she wear mourning? The doctor was not very clear in his own mind as to the propriety or impropriety of such a course, but somehow he thought she would wear it. There went the carriage, with those black horses which were the special pets of Dr. Guise, up under the beeches amongst which he had watched the lights of other carriages gleaming fitfully on a March night which he remembered. Would it have been better for him if he had turned back that night? if he had written to Sir Francis and got, as he probably would have done then, while the baronet was unprepared, a decisive answer? Better if he had acquiesced in that answer, and seen Amy no more? He thought not; and the question was idle. He had gone on; he had seen Amy; he had had at least a share of life's sweetest moments; and to lose the memory of them would be to make the past a blank as well as the future. And it was all over now—all over now and for ever; and he could see, he thought, that it was better it should be so.

In a moment of time, quicker than

any pen could write the words, or any tongue speak them, the full consciousness and details of a sudden terrible emergency came upon the doctor, as he passed from behind the shadow of a giant thorn into view of the river again. A single sharp cry, a sullen splash in the water, laid before him in a moment his position, and he knew that Frank Crevillon's boat was indeed no plaything, but a light and well-built craft, which danced a dance of mocking triumph on the water, and dipped her prow into the mimic waves, as though in light laughter at the would-be master she had flung overboard.

'Drowned in the Bay of Naples!' came like a flash of light across the doctor's eyes in that moment. Was it to be the same tale over again? It is a hard thing to save the drowning. It may read easy in books, or to the unpractised heroes who never tried to swim. But the swimmer knows how hard a thing it is; knows, as he takes his spring, that the chance in his favour is only the horsehair holding up the sword. And Dr. Secker was a swimmer; and life is dear to us all. Here, before himself, lay that sudden death which had seemed to him so terrible; a sudden, swift whirl into eternity, with no space for summing up his own shortcomings and seeking mercy; no time to do better, or try to do better. And in that second which sufficed for him to throw off his coat, a thousand thoughts danced through his brain, of life and death, of hope and despair; of Amy. Would she know, if he died, *how* he died? Would she know that these, his last thoughts, were full of her? Would she know how suddenly the old tenderness came rushing in upon him in a great flood; and he read in that moment that he had not given her up—that she was his one love still, now as ever, and for ever?

A confusion of interlacing branches overhead, the light motion of the little boat on the ripples, and then the waters of the Dyke surging into his own ears, Frank's coat within his grasp, and a brief hard battle for life!

CHAPTER VII.

'ARE YOU SORRY?'

No spray moved in the rugged black branches outside; no robin perched amongst them to sing his good-night song, and bid her cheer up this dull November night. It was growing dusk. A servant came in to draw the curtains and light the candles in the big centre chandelier. Amy turned from the window to the fire, and sat down. A strange presentiment oppressed her of something unusual going on in the house. There had been a sudden confusion; a hasty opening and shutting of doors, and voices raised above their wonted pitch; but she had been ill, and was a prisoner in the drawing-room, whence she did not dare to issue that she might see for herself what was wrong—if, indeed, anything were wrong. She looked at the servant's face, with the idea of asking some question; but the face was dull and expressionless, only absorbed in the lighting of those candles, so she gave it up.

When she was alone again, she looked into the fire and thought. She had been thinking all day; not because her thoughts were pleasant to her, but because they would not let her alone. Was she getting well? She hardly knew. She was not very sure that she wanted to get well. Nobody cared whether she did or not. Of course it was very wrong, and morbid, and foolish to think such thoughts, but it is not always possible to help thinking them. When Dr. Guise looked at her through his spectacles, and pronounced that his prescriptions had done her good, she laughed, but the kind old doctor did not know why. He would say, 'That's right; laugh as much as you like; it's better than physic.'

But the fact was, that when Joanna, as regularly as a certain hour came round, poured out a glass of nectar for Amy, and brought it to her, Amy would look at it and through it, as a connoisseur does at wine, and then she would wait until Joanna's back was turned, and wickedly throw it away. No, Dr.

Guise never did her any good before, and she would not take his messes now. If Sir Francis insisted on his coming to see her, why of course he must come. She could not help that. Perhaps Dr. Guise was right enough when he pronounced her malady nothing but nervous depression, and recommended change and individual exertion. Well, she had had change enough; Dykeham was a change now, and she preferred to remain there. As for exertion, there was nothing, so far as she could see, worth exerting herself about.

While she sat by the fire, wondering what she could find to do besides read and think, Joanna came in. Amy just glanced at her, and thought there was something unusual about her face, and then Mrs. Lescar said, 'Dr. Secker is here.'

She was sorry for having said it when she saw Amy suddenly put her hand to her left side, as she had a habit of doing if anything startled her. But Mrs. Lescar found it difficult to comprehend this extreme facility for being startled.

'Frank fell into the dyke, and Dr. Secker saw him, and jumped in after him. Frank will be all right, the doctor says; but they have put him into bed, and Lady Crevillon fancies he is feverish, so the doctor has promised to stay here the night. I thought you might like to know.'

In all this quietness and matter-of-fact of Joanna's, Amy could not know that for once in her life the placid woman was stirred with an unwonted feeling of emotion. If there was any one she cared for very much in the world it was Frank. She saw in him the future Sir Francis, the head of the house and the maintainer of its good name and standing; he was of consequence in her eyes, over and above which, she had a personal liking for him. Dr. Secker had risked his own life to save Frank's. As the baronet had said, it was a very plucky thing to do; and as Joanna decided, it was more than could have been expected. Some dim idea of justice or atonement, or reward, she hardly knew which, occurred to Joanna as she stood by Frank's bed, looking at the

lad's white face, and at his small fingers curling tight round the doctor's hand. She thought of the letter which she had shown to Dr. Secker that sultry August day. It was no harm to show it; Joanna stuck to that; but still she thought she would tell Amy about it, and then it would be off her mind.

'Amy,' said Mrs. Lescar, 'there was never anything between you and poor Freddy Page, was there?'

Amy looked up from the fire with a spark of sudden, angry light in her eyes.

'How dare you ask me, Joanna?'

'I wasn't quite sure. He only bored you a little, then. And Lady Crevillon did her best to increase the boredom?'

Amy made a gesture of assent, if, indeed, that could be called assent which was utter indifference, absence of mind, or intolerance of the subject.

'Well, Lady Crevillon hinted that there was something between you. She even said plainly that you liked him, and were unhappy because of a foolish promise which you fancied you ought to keep.'

'Well, Joanna?'

'Well, Amy, it wasn't probable that I should disbelieve Lady Crevillon—why should I? Indeed, I thought it the most natural thing in the world that you should like Lord Frederic, and so I still think it would have been. Dr. Secker came here to inquire after you, and I gave him the letter. He is a straightforward, honourable man, for a plain country doctor. He asked if I thought he ought to release you, and I said yes.'

'You might have killed me,' was all Amy said. And she said it so quietly and low that Joanna had to consider a little before she quite knew what it meant.

'I think Dr. Secker felt it a good deal. I remember that he would walk up and down the room, which is a restlessness that always makes me angry. But it wasn't my fault, you know. I acted for the best.'

'Is that all you have to say to me now, Joanna?'

'All? Really, I don't know of anything else. I suppose so.'

'Then, if you don't mind, I wish you would go away.'

Joanna stared a little, but complied. It was very odd. She had been married herself, and had liked Mr. Lescar very well indeed, but then he was in every respect a fit person for her to like. That Amy should have obstinately preferred Carl Secker to Lord Frederic Page was a thing she really could not understand. But it seemed that she had so preferred him. It was a matter of very little or no real consequence to Joanna, but she thought that, so far as she had been concerned in separating them, she would undo her work, and the rest was in their own hands.

'I shouldn't wonder if they were to make it up again,' thought Joanna. 'Papa would refuse the doctor nothing now, that's certain.'

She went up-stairs again, and sitting down, uncured Frank's fingers from the doctor's hand, and actually kissed them as the boy slept.

Dr. Secker saw her do this. A thought, that she had never looked so womanly to him before, came into his mind; and with it something else—a strange, dawning hope, a sudden, wild light across the grey sky of his life. He could not tell why it came, or whence, but there it was, associated in some strange way with the unusual tenderness of Joanna's manner. She had kissed Frank's hand, but she was looking at him, Carl Secker, and it was some emotion or thought connected with him which had written itself in the softened lines of her face.

'We shall never know how to be thankful enough to you,' Lady Crevillon had said to him, wringing his hand. With some such words also the baronet had expressed his gratitude, but this strange woman only sat down and kissed Frank's fingers, with that unaccountable softening of manner towards himself.

'Mrs. Lescar,' said Carl, 'you have something to say to me. If so, if it is anything about—I suppose I am right in my head—whatever it may be, say it, for God's sake, and don't torture me.'

'I have nothing particular to say,'

responded Joanna; 'only I thought you might like to see Amy. She is in the drawing-room. It was all a mistake of Lady Crevillon's about poor Freddy Page.'

The doctor heard the words, looking straight down into Joanna's face. Then he turned away from it; there was no longer any softness in it for him. He went out of the room into the lobby, and leaned against the baluster, trying to think. Only a few hours ago he had been dwelling on Amy's sorrow with a pity which he had called a brother's pity. Now, in a moment, all was changed. She had had no great sorrow; had never cared for Lord Frederic; had never, perhaps, forgotten—what did she think of him? How could he possibly justify that act which seemed now so rash?

But Amy, sitting on by the fire, and looking into it, was no longer conscious of anger against Joanna, Lady Crevillon, or, indeed, any one. One human being had shut them all out; one wavering, doubtful man, walking up and down, fighting with his heart, and giving her up. She knew how he would look as he walked up and down the room. Was it this room? Did he go home at once and write his letter?

And then she thought of the scene at the river side, of men bearing a body, which was Frank's, helpless and senseless, giving no sign by which they might know if he lived. Suppose there had been two instead of one. Suppose—

Then she looked up, and saw Carl coming into the room; saw him come and bend down with one knee on the rug beside her; heard him say 'Amy, forgive,' and then she turned and put her arms round his neck and her face against his cheek. He was come back; he had never meant it. The thing had been as hard for him as it was for her; and now it was all over.

'Oh, Carl, are you sorry? How could you write it? How could you think it? As if anything in that big, noisy world out there could make you less to me! Never doubt me again, Carl.'

'My darling—never!'

THE EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON III.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN the manhood of an individual is marked by extraordinary events, it is only natural to look a little further back, and inquire what were the circumstances of his youth and childhood. Of all living men perhaps Napoléon III. is the most conspicuous for the wonderful nature of his career, which would be called improbable, or even impossible, were it not an accomplished fact. His early life was equally strange—stranger than fiction dare invent. Our elder readers may remember something, perhaps not much, of his last residence in the British metropolis. For our younger friends these and other antecedent traditions will have been thrown into dim obscurity by the startling singularity of much more recent occurrences. We therefore propose giving, not a history—the time is too young, and our space too limited—nor even a memoir, but a slight sketch and reminder of particulars which are more completely forgotten now than they will be fifty or a hundred years hence, when some painstaking writer will have placed them on record, enriched by facts and anecdotes now carefully confined in manuscript journals or autobiographies.

A comparison, comprising a contrast, has been instituted between the career of the illustrious uncle and that of the wonderful nephew. The one began to culminate at the palace of the Tuileries, which he was obliged to quit for St. Helena; the other, starting from the prison of Ham, ended by reaching the Tuileries. So far so good; but the lovers of antitheses must be content with what they have. The present Emperor's biography is still, let us hope, far from its conclusion; and we sincerely wish him as sunny a sky, and as few black points in it as possible. Nevertheless, we cannot forget the maxim to pronounce nobody absolutely prosperous and fortunate before their death.

Few remember how completely his infancy was passed beneath the shadow and the shelter of a throne, or the chances that might then be reckoned of his one day quietly succeeding to a throne. Charles Louis Napoléon Bonaparte was born at Paris, in the Palace of the Tuileries (where he resided during the first six years of his life), on the 20th of April, 1808, amidst the full blaze of imperial splendours, whilst the great conqueror still had continental Europe at his feet. The lucky infant's father was Louis Bonaparte, brother of the first Emperor, by whom he was made King of Holland, and to whom, not manifesting sufficient obedience, a resignation of the crown conferred became expedient, if not unavoidable. The mother, Hortense Beauharnais, commonly called the Queen Hortense, from her temporary occupation of royalty, was the daughter of the Empress Josephine, Napoléon I.'s first wife. Not only did the cannon of the Invalides, but—if not actually, in poetic style, 'from China to Peru,' at least—from Hamburg to Rome, from the Danube to the Pyrenees, gunpowder saluted the little prince's birth; for a prince he was, in matter of fact, to all intents and purposes, though his immediate parentage had been, in its origin, no more than noble at the very most.

A 'Sénatus-consulte'—everything was classical then, from legal and official titles to David's pictures and court costumes—a Sénatus-consulte of the 23th Floréal, year XII.—bringing the ancient and the new-fangled into juxtaposition—confirmed by another of the 5th Frimaire, year XIII., submitted to the acceptance of the French people, and sanctioned by 3,521,675 suffrages, eventually called himself and his elder brother to the imperial throne, in the case of their two uncles, Napoléon the Emperor, and Joseph, King of Spain for a while,

dying without heirs. Inscribed the very first on the family register destined to record the names of the Napoleonic dynasty, and confided to the Senate's guardianship, the new-born babe was baptized at the Palace of Fontainebleau, by the names of Charles Louis Napoléon, on the 10th of November, 1810, by Cardinal Fesch.

The Roman Catholic Church does not, like the Anglican, direct 'that there shall be for every male child to be baptized two godfathers and one godmother; and for every female, one godfather and two godmothers': it deems one of each sufficient for infants of either sex. The little stranger had therefore only the Emperor Napoléon for his godfather, and the Empress Marie Louise for his godmother. Strange trick of fortune, that she should stand in that relation to the grandson of the woman whom (through no act or fault of her own) she had supplanted in her position as a wife! But the whole history of these remarkable personages is full of sudden freaks of destiny, inconceivable until they became realized. With such a pair of sponsors it is needless to add that the brilliant christening was attended by all the 'illustrations' of the day. Policy, vanity, intrigue, ambition, alike combined to assemble both the serious and the glittering notables attached to the Imperial Court.

Our narrative will be clearer if we interrupt its thread to inform the reader that Napoléon III. is the youngest of three sons born to Louis Bonaparte, quondam King of Holland, by Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine, by her first marriage with the Vicomte de Beauharnais, and adopted, together with her brother Eugene, as his children by Napoléon I. These details of pedigree are dry, but they wonderfully add to the clear understanding of a family history. We therefore further mention—the reason will soon be apparent—that Napoléon also adopted a cousin of the Empress, Stéphanie, who became Grand Duchess of Baden.

Louis Bonaparte's first child died at the Hague, aged five years, in

1807, *i.e.* before Louis Napoléon was born. The young man, therefore, frequently spoken of as his 'elder brother,' was the second son, Napoléon Louis, born in 1804. He appears to have been gifted with a handsome person, but with mental qualities rather fitted to procure attachment in private life than to make headway in political struggles. He married, in 1827, his cousin Charlotte, the second daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, for a time King of Spain; but the union was childless. He died in 1831, at Forlì, of inflammation of the chest, probably brought on by his participation in the troubles of Italy, in the arms of his brother, Louis Napoléon. His wife died in Italy, 1839. Before the birth of the King of Rome, Napoléon I.'s son by Marie Louise, these two sons of Louis Bonaparte were regarded as Napoléon's successors. It will also hence be seen that, in later years, Louis Napoléon was Queen Hortense's only surviving child. Her husband, the ex-king of Holland, lived in Florence; and it was only natural that the mother and the son, thus isolated, and struggling with a variety of difficulties, should be all in all to each other in their affectionate devotion.

To return to the early days of specious prosperity. It is said that nobody likes his heir, or cares to see much of his probable successor—which may be true when the heir and successor is a stranger or a far-removed relative. Napoléon I., however, was very fond of these two boys, nor did his liking for them diminish after Marie Louise had presented him with a son. He frequently sent for them when he came out wearied from long discussions of state affairs, and especially amused himself with their conversation during the time allowed for his hasty repasts. He made them sit beside him at his little table, to which no other guest was ever admitted, and got them to recite La Fontaine's Fables, questioning them about their meaning, and paternally explaining the moral.

Then came the abdication of Fontainebleau and the exile to Elba. Alluding to this habit of the Em-

peror, Madame de Staël, who returned with the Bourbons, one day asked little Louis Napoléon whether it was true that his uncle made him recite the fable whose moral is 'The reasons of the strongest are always the best' more frequently than any of the rest.

'That one,' the boy replied, 'is the fable he most seldom asked for.' Then, turning to his governess, he whispered, 'That lady is unbearable with her tiresome questions. I wonder if *that* is what people mean when they call her clever (*spirituelle*)?'

In fact, whether clever or not, she was an irrepressible asker of questions. In former days, when Napoléon was First Consul, she had asked him 'Which woman do you like the best?'

'My wife,' he bluntly answered.

'And after your wife?' insisted Corinne.

'The woman who has the largest family.'

Now, Corinne being a married woman, unblest, or, as she probably thought, unincumbered by any family, and athirst after compliments about her intellect, the hit was particularly hard.

Our readers will remember the story of the ambassadors, who, having to make the choice between two sleeping boys for their prince, took the one who slept with his hands open. Louis Napoléon seems to have been an open-handed child, and so far to have promised well as the future head of a great nation. One day when he had offered to some one a present which he had received from his mother, she gently reproached him with his conduct. 'Dear mother,' he explained, 'I am sure that when you made the present, you intended it to give me pleasure. Well, it has given me twofold pleasure; first, when I received it from you, and secondly, when I was able to confer it on another.'

A scene, recorded by an eyewitness, betrays the presentiments with which the imperial family was haunted.

'After the defeat of Leipzig, I was introduced to the Emperor's

presence. He seemed anxious and low-spirited; although his voice was short and snappish, his thoughts were precise and clearly expressed. I was listening to what he said with the most profound attention, when, looking aside by chance, I perceived that the door by which the Emperor had entered remained ajar. I was about to set a step to close it, when a child slipped into the room and approached the Emperor. It was a charming little boy seven or eight years of age, with light curly hair and expressive blue eyes; but his countenance bore the marks of the deepest sorrow, and his whole behaviour revealed strong emotion which he tried to suppress. On reaching the Emperor, he knelt before him, leant his head against his knees, and shed abundant tears.

"What is the matter with you, Louis?" asked Napoléon, sharply, apparently annoyed at the interruption. "Why are you weeping?"

"Because, sire, my governess has just told me that you are going to set off for the wars. Don't go! Oh, pray don't go!"

"But why shouldn't I go? Why do you wish me not to go?" asked the Emperor, in gentler tones, and apparently softened by his nephew's solicitude. "Why not?" he continued, raising the child's head and passing his hand through his curly locks. "'Tis not the first time I have gone to the wars. There is no occasion for you to fret. Fear nothing; I shall soon be back again."

"Don't go, my dear uncle," replied the boy. "The wicked Allies want to kill you. But, if you really must go, do let me go with you, uncle."

The Emperor took the weeping child on his knees, and fondled him tenderly in his arms. I know not what put it into my head; but, at such an affecting moment, I had the stupidity to talk of the king of Rome, then as good as a prisoner in the hands of Austria.

"Alas!" exclaimed the Emperor, "who knows when I shall see him again?" [He never did see his son again.] Immediately recovering his

wanted firmness, "Hortense! Hortense!" he cried. As the Queen hastily entered, "Take my nephew away with you," he said; "and severely reprimand his governess for having so thoughtlessly excited his feelings." Then, after a few consoling words, he was about to hand the boy to his mother, when perceiving how much I had been interested, he added, "Kiss him before he goes. I already foresee in him a good heart and a noble spirit. Perhaps, my dear fellow," he concluded, "he will turn out to be the hope of our race."

To whatever extent Napoléon I. might be gifted with prophecy, or not, certain it is that the Queen Hortense had a firm belief in her son's predestination to greatness, and that she did her utmost to prepare him for it by a suitable education to the full extent of the means at her disposal. Whether he had confidence in his 'star,' the world is at present right well informed. Nor was this child of fate wanting in youthful firmness. One day, suffering from a violent toothache, he said to Mademoiselle Cochelet, his mother's femme-de-chambre, 'send directly for Bosquet, the dentist, to draw this double tooth which gives me such pain; but don't say a word to mamma, because that would make her uneasy and anxious.'

'How do you suppose you can conceal it from your mother?' the femme-de-chambre replied. 'She will hear you scream, and will be more frightened than if she knew what was actually going on.'

'But I will not scream; I give you my promise.'

Mademoiselle Cochelet promised to keep the secret, and of course told it instantly to Queen Hortense, who, not to cross her son, pretended perfect ignorance.

Bosquet came, and drew the tooth, without his patient's uttering a sound. As soon as it was out, he carried it in triumph to his mother, who was waiting nervously, but who took the trouble to act a great surprise. Her nervous anxiety, however (which every parent will understand), was not, in the present case,

unfounded. This usually dangerous operation was followed, two days afterwards, by a hæmorrhage (of which we have known like instances) which, but for the Queen's maternal watchfulness, might have abruptly terminated the career of the future elect by universal suffrage.

After the crushing blow to the imperial fortunes inflicted by the battle of Leipzig, Queen Hortense resided with her children at Malmaison, Joséphine's retreat after her divorce. The boys, fancying that the King of Prussia and the Emperor (Alexander) of Russia belonged to their family, inquired one day whether they should call them 'Uncle.'

'You must call them sire,' was the reply.

'In that case,' they are not our uncles,' observed the elder.

'Certainly not; the King and the Emperor, who treat you so politely, entered France as conquerors.'

'But if they are our uncle's enemies, why do they kiss us when they see us?'

'Because the Emperor Alexander, who comes here so frequently, is a generous enemy, sincerely desirous of your family's welfare.'

'If that be true, we ought to love him.'

'Certainly; you ought to be grateful for his good intentions.'

Little Louis Napoléon, who, at that time, as subsequently, spoke little but listened much, overheard the conversation, and carefully noted it. The next day, quietly stealing up to the Emperor Alexander, he slipped a ring into his hand, and ran away.

Queen Hortense called him to her, and inquired what he had been doing.

'I have given the Emperor of Russia,' he said, 'the ring of which my uncle Eugène (Beauharnais) made me a present, because he behaves kindly to my mother.'

Then came Waterloo; and with it the immediate downfall of the Bonaparte family, every member of which, young and old, men, women, and children, were driven from France, and forbidden to return to it, on pain of death. France, tho-

roughly tired of war and profoundly humbled by invasion, conceived a sudden revulsion against those whom it considered the authors of its misfortunes. It was hardly to be expected that the restored Bourbons should tolerate the presence of persons, who, in their eyes, were the worst of upstarts and usurpers. Neither the Orleans family, nor the elder branch, would be welcome just now within the limits of the Second Empire. In a game where such high interests are at stake, the loser must be prepared to put up with his loss in all its bitterness and in its full entirety.

Therefore, a month after the decisive battle, Queen Hortense had to seek a foreign home for herself and her two young princes of a day. Louis Napoléon, though scarcely seven years old, stamped and wept when told he must leave his native land. They were obliged almost to force him into the carriage, and could only calm him by the promise of a speedy return. Hortense, having fixed on Switzerland for her retreat, proceeded to the frontier under the escort of an Austrian officer, M. de Wilna. On reaching Dijon, which was full of Royalists, her carriage was surrounded by a furious mob composed of soldiers of the royal guard and 'ladies' belonging to the wealthiest class, shouting, 'Out with the Bonaparte! Turn her out! Pull her out! Dehors, la Bonaparte!'

The mob here displayed its usual logic, for poor Queen Hortense was not a Bonaparte but a Beauharnais.

'Here I am,' said the Queen, boldly showing herself. 'I know I am your prisoner; but the bearer of a name like mine has nothing to fear.'

The danger, however, was serious. Besides the threats and insults of the soldiers, one of them tried to carry her off by force. In spite of M. de Wilna's shouting, 'Madame is under the protection of Austria,' the fellow violently seized the Queen by the arm, and was only made to loose his hold after a severe struggle. The two boys, whom the mob also wanted to capture, were pushed by

the attendants into the carriage, which, at a sign from M. de Wilna, instantly started at full gallop, and was soon out of sight.

The next day, on entering Lons-le-Saulnier, the respective parts of the fugitives were reversed. The people, enraged against the invaders, threatened the life of the Austrian officer. It was now Hortense's turn to intervene. Her gentle and persuasive voice brought the furious multitude to their senses, and M. de Wilna was allowed to proceed without further molestation.

Geneva having refused to accord her hospitality, she retired to Aix, in Savoy, where she had founded a hospital. But she soon left it to take up her residence on the borders of the Lake of Constance; namely, at Arenenberg, in the Canton of Thurgau. Of this retreat, Baedeker says in his 'Guide,' 'In the neighbourhood of Ermatingen, your attention is directed to the Château of Arenenberg, which belonged to the Comtesse of St. Leu, ex-Queen of Holland, and afterwards her son, Prince Louis Napoléon. After being sold, in 1843, to a Neuchâtel gentleman for 1,700,000 francs (68,000*l.*) it has again become the property of the Emperor Napoléon III.' We can easily imagine his pleasure at possessing—if he has the time to think of such things—an estate which, though the retreat of misfortune, must have been remembered as a paradise during subsequent trials and reverses.

How Hortense regarded her life of exile there will be seen from the following letter addressed to M. Belmontet:—

Arenenberg, 10 December, 1834.

'My position of fortune compels me to remain throughout the winter on my mountain, exposed to every wind. But what is that in comparison with the Emperor's horrible sufferings on the rocks of St. Helena? Resignation is the virtue of women; courage the bounden duty of mothers. I should not complain if my son, at his age, were not completely isolated and

deprived of all society, with nothing to divert and occupy his mind but the assiduous studies to which he devotes himself. His courage and his strength of character are equal to his sad and painful destiny. What a generous disposition! What an excellent and worthy young man he is! I should admire him were I not his mother. Being his mother, I am proud of him. I delight as much in the nobility of his sentiments as I regret not being able to make his life more enjoyable. He was born for good and great things, and is worthy of them. We propose spending a couple of months at Geneva; at least *he will hear French spoken there*; it will be for him a pleasant change. And the mother-tongue is a near approach to the native land.

‘HORTENSE.’

Indeed the Prince's wanderings, of which this was only the beginning, require, to follow them, a study almost of the map of Europe. Like Ulysses, he saw many men and cities, and heard and was obliged to understand and speak not a few languages. Some people have even gone so far as to suppose that he might possibly have partly forgotten French. We once heard Napoleon III. read an address to his soldiers, and were near enough to hear it well. At its conclusion, the general remark around us was nothing in reference to its style or purport; for everybody knows that the Emperor's speeches are remarkable for neatness and for hitting the nail on the head; but everybody exclaimed, with pleased surprise, ‘Not the slightest foreign accent!’ Those who heard him for the first time fancied, and very likely feared, that he might speak French with a German or perhaps an English mouth.

It would be useless to moralize on this change of fortune; to declaim about the altered condition of two lads, cradled in purple and nursed on the steps of a throne, now with difficulty finding a home in which to lay their heads with the prospect of remaining there. Almost the grandchildren of a

powerful Emperor, they could only find a place of sojourn on sufferance. But, what can't be cured must be endured; and as you make your bed (not unfrequently, as others make it for you), so you must lie on it. They and their mother took the wiser part, resigning themselves in the hope of better days, and preparing themselves for the best, by assiduous study, as well as submitting to the worst. Hortense well knew that favourable turns of fortune can be fully utilized only by personal merit. Shooting, riding, fencing, swimming, as well as Greek, Latin, mathematics, and modern languages, were therefore comprised in the education of one who *might* eventually, in the course of events, be called on to play a conspicuous part in Europe.

Amongst other tastes, young Louis Napoleon manifested a decided liking for a military career. A Baden regiment garrisoned at Coestance afforded him the means of gratifying this inclination. The progress he made there obtained his admission to the Camp of Thun, in the Canton of Berne, where the Swiss annually met for exercise in engineering and artillery manoeuvres, under the direction of General Dufour, one of the most distinguished officers of the Empire. There, bivouacking or messing with the privates, with the knapsack on his back, the chart and compass in his hand, or crowding the wheelbarrow filled with earth, he inured himself to bodily toil. ‘My son,’ wrote Hortense at the time, ‘is again in training with the recruits at Thun. They take military excursions in the mountains, walking ten or twelve leagues a day, and carrying their accoutrements. They have slept under tents at the foot of a glacier.’

And thus, while intellectual education was advancing fast, physical education was not neglected. Two instances of the results of the latter were particularly remarked at the time they occurred. Louis Napoleon was in the habit of taking long and extensive rides amongst the mountains in the environs of Aremen-

berg. One day, on approaching a village, on the lofty table-land which commands the Lake of Constance, his attention was attracted by the cries of alarm uttered by a throng of people. Two horses, harnessed to an open calash, were furiously running away in the direction of the precipice which is close at hand. The coachman had been thrown from the box, but a lady and two children remained in the carriage. Louis Napoléon, perceiving their danger, galloped after them across country, over hill and dale, and reaching the calash just at the edge of the abyss, he seized one of the horses by the bridle so violently as to throw it on its side, and stop the carriage, and of course save the persons in it. The *tableau* which followed, the applause of the spectators, the gratitude of the lady and her children, &c., are left to the reader's imagination.

The second exploit was even cooler—in one sense of the word. During the winter of 1828 or 1829, while on a visit to his aunt, the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden, Louis Napoléon was walking along the banks of the Rhine with his two cousins, the Princesses Joséphine and Marie of Baden, accompanied by several persons of the grand-ducal court. The conversation turned on the French gallantry of olden times. The Princess Mary, in her piquant and original style, lauded the days of chivalry. She extolled above measure the devotion of the gallants whose device was *Dieu, mon roi, et ma dame*, 'God, my king, and my lady fair,' and who faithfully carried it out through all sorts of perils and sacrifices. With this picture of by-gone virtues she contrasted the vices and the selfishness of modern times.

Louis Napoléon took up the debate with the warmth and spirit natural to his age. He maintained that, in respect to courage and gallantry, the French had not degenerated a whit; and that they still were ready to do for their

ladies whatever their forefathers had done, adding that 'in all times devotion had never been wanting to women who deserved and were worthy to inspire it.'

At that moment they arrived at the spot where the Necker makes its junction with the Rhine, fighting hard to force its way into the giant river. In winter the scene is most picturesque, offering the aspect of a stormy sea, and was, in fact, the object of the walk. As they lingered on the causeway-dyke which skirts the Necker, a gust of wind carried off a flower from the Princess Marie's hair, and blew it into the rushing waters.

'Look there!' said the thoughtless girl, with a laugh, and pointing to the flower hurried away by the current. 'That would have been an excellent opportunity for a cavalier of the olden time.'

'Aha, cousin!' exclaimed Louis Napoléon. 'That's a challenge. Very well; I accept it;' and immediately plunged, dressed as he was, into the rapid stream.

We can conceive the flutter and the fright of the Grand Duchess, the court ladies, and all the rest. It was a terrible breach of etiquette to make such a sensational scene. The Princess Marie loudly bewailed her folly; the others screamed, shouted for help, or uttered feminine cries of despair. With some, there was a demand for smelling-salts and aromatic vinegar. None jumped into the water to pull him out.

Meanwhile, the Prince swam bravely, struggling with the violence of the waves. Those who have felt the current of the Rhine know what sort of swimming it is. He disappeared, and reappeared, and then disappeared and reappeared again. Finally reaching the bank safe and sound, but shivering, with the flower of mischief in his hand, 'Here it is; take it, cousin,' he said. 'But, for heaven's sake,' he continued, laughing, and pointing to his dripping garments, 'never more talk to me about your cavaliers of the olden time.'

YOUNG ENGLAND AND YOUNG AMERICA.

FOR the first time in the history of either people, the nation of England has been brought into close social rapport with the nation of America. The race rowed between the Universities of old Oxford and new Cambridge on the Thames is, indeed, a thing of the past; it would be an anachronism now to recapitulate the details of the struggle here: till it recurs, it is done with. But we have not done in the same way with the more enduring and popular influences of the contest; they will continue to interest us, and continue to be felt amongst us. International acquaintance is the one great safeguard against international misunderstanding. It is a happy augury for the rising generation of each, when the youth of two great countries get to know something of each other. It is her young men which constitute the hope of England—*spes maxima Troje*: it is from these that her governors in the future will be chosen; just as the undergraduates, of whom Harvard sent us across such promising specimens in July last, will, in the fulness of time, take their place as ministers, Congress-men, and senators. The Harvardians were quite right in insisting upon the academical, rather than the international character of the race which they rowed against 'the Oxforde': the university in Massachusetts probably no more pretends to be able to turn out the four most accomplished oarsmen in the United States than Oxford does in England. Still, we could not be blind to the fact, that the crews which rowed so pluckily more than two months ago from Mortlake to Putney belonged to different countries; and Englishmen would have been lamentably deficient in the hospitable instincts for which tradition gives them credit, if they had failed to remember that Mr. Blaikie and his men were strangers and guests, and deserved the reception which international courtesy would dictate. The interchange of individual and private hospitalities between England and America has

been at all times frequent enough. Not till the last month of last summer did the interchange assume an international significance. Then, and never before, were the representatives of the corporate youth of the two hemispheres brought face to face with each other; only then had we the opportunity of observing Young England and Young America pitted in amicable rivalry against each other; of noting for ourselves, if we pleased to note them, the points of development in which they agreed, and the traits in which they differed.

'To the brave man every soil,' &c.: the saying is somewhat musty; it may be refreshed and modernized to advantage. To the descendant of the old Saxon race, every field is a potential race ground—every sheet of water a potential regatta course. *Celum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*, and wherever the Englishman goes, he carries his passion for athletics with him. We hear of cricket-matches at Calcutta and hurdle-races at Hong Kong. It is something to know—and the prowess of 'the men of Harlech,' we beg pardon, Harvard,—taught us pretty plainly, that the accident of living on a different side of the Atlantic Ocean is quite impotent to change certain broad characteristics in a race of young men who, if we only go back far enough, are as much English in origin as we are ourselves. 'Place the young Saxon of the present day,' says M. Louis Blanc, 'in a boat; let him feel the oar, and the instincts of the pirate Norseman who was his forefather will swiftly arise within him;' and it was manifest enough, directly we saw these young Harvard undergraduates pull their boat over the Thames, that in one very important and fundamental respect they still resembled us, their elder relatives, and could make good, by hard stern work, their title to an identity of descent.

'They can row!' That was the unanimous verdict of popular opinion, elicited by the unflinching de-

termination which Young America showed, and elenched, by way of emphasis, with an infinite variety of essentially British ejaculations. Whatever the points of dissimilarity which a further examination into the character and bearing of the youths of the two nations will involve, it is, at any rate, something to have discovered so significant a feature of agreement as this, seeing the community of qualities of which it must be considered the symbol and type. And points of dissimilarity there are into which, as contrast is the object of this paper, just as it is the soul of knowledge, it is necessary that we should inquire. 'If you want to know the more salient characteristics of the inhabitants of any country,' writes a shrewd observer of men and manners, 'direct your attention to the rising generation.' And there is an obvious reason and self-evident truth in this remark. The impressibility of youth is proverbial. *Cereus in mores flecti*, attributing to the substantive a social rather than an ethical meaning, is quite as true as *in vitium*. Idiosyncracies of manner, tricks of deportment, and ways of bearing, are caught up from those surrounding him with fatal quickness; and thus it is that the character of the youth of a country is frequently nothing more than the travesty or exaggeration of the character of a nation. Whatever is most striking, exceptional, and prominent in the popular bearing, is certain to be reflected in the bearing of the people's youth. When we speak of Young America, we must be prepared to witness a microcosm of Old America.

The difference between the national sentiment of England and America is to be found in the varying degree in which the attribute of reverence enters into its composition in either of the two cases. Reverence is based upon tradition; and it takes many centuries before a body of historical tradition sufficient for the erection of national reverence can be acquired. America is not yet an historical country: England is. The American national character is not yet formed: that of Englishmen was formed generations since. Young

England is essentially conservative; it is imbued with a reverence for that past, by eloquent traces of which it is on all hands surrounded; is ever disposed to side with the old against the new, with what is established and exists, as against what is in the purely embryonic stage of development. This, at least, is the character of our youth *en masse*. Exceptions there are, of course, but these merely prove what is a sufficiently general rule. Now, in the case of Young America, all this is essentially reversed. What care the youths who parade Broadway, exhaling from their mouths huge volumes of smoke, inhaled from cigars of stupendous magnitude, resplendent in gorgeous waistcoats, and cravats outvying the rainbow in their multiplicity of hue, for the antique, the venerable, and the old? Why, the whole moral and social atmosphere which they breathe tells the tale, and hymns the praises of absolute spick and span newness. It is the same everywhere. The undergraduate of Harvard or Yale is devoid of all those awe-inspiring associations—is met by none of those relics of the past in which Oxford and Cambridge abound. There is such an entity as a *genius loci*: and in the case of young men, its reality and power are very great indeed. It would not be impossible to allege further causes for this fundamental distinction in bearing and character between the youth, especially the academic youth, of the two countries. The very curriculum of intellectual studies, the entire course of mental training to which Young England and Young America submit, is generically different. The development of the mind—the acquisition of knowledge as a thing desirable *per se*, and independently of all results which it may produce, may be said to be the vital principle of all the higher education of England. Not so with Young America. Unless a branch of learning recommends itself as practically useful, and as likely to produce valuable practical results, it is spoken lightly of, and only encouraged in a lukewarm way. Hence it is that, both at Yale and Harvard,

classical study receives not, and is not thought to deserve, a tithe of the attention bestowed—and bestowed willingly—on accomplishments which seem to hold forth a more immediate prospect of advantage and advancement. Young America will grudge an hour over a Greek or a Latin author, while he will gladly devote days and nights to the acquisition of the art of English composition, or of modern languages. Why? Because proficiency in the latter seems to justify the expectation of preferment, and to open up to him the chance of eligible appointments and snug berths. *Item si possis recte; si non, quocumque modo rem.* Get on: that is the sum and substance, the end-all and be-all, the alpha and the omega of the education of Young America. It is the precept which he drinks into his system with his mother's milk; it is the guiding principle of his career; the maxim which grows and is strengthened in him from day to day. There may be analogous traces of this educational utilitarianism in England, but here they are to be discovered only in a limited social surface. In America they pervade and saturate all creeds of instruction, from the highest to the lowest. Intelligent Americans do not attempt to conceal this. It is impossible that the view which has been taken here should receive fuller exposition than it has in Mr. Bristed's 'Five Years in an English University.'

Take another case which illustrates still further the existence and the influence of this spirit—the way of looking at things solely with reference to the tangible material results which they are capable of producing. The first thought that an American father has, and the first with which he endeavours to indoctrinate his son, is how to get a good start in the race for wealth. The social horizon is anxiously scanned to see what chances there are, and in what direction, of the desired opportunity presenting itself. The father impresses upon the son the necessity of sinking all personal ambitions, tastes, and cravings, so long as he can get into a position

where a monied future awaits him. At last the wished-for day arrives. A vacancy occurs in some store in Broadway or elsewhere. It is seized with avidity, and the eldest son and heir of the barrister commences life as a shop assistant. All this is, of course, the result of the entire difference which exists in the mutual relations of the ranks and conditions of men on the two sides of the Atlantic. What the producing social forces are, that the social product will be.

Nor is this prematurely vigilant look-out for the main chance the sole species of precocity which Young America displays. Talk to any average representative of the class for five minutes, and you cannot avoid being struck by the air of intense knowingness, and the assumption of assurance, which you will find. The youngster's mind seems to be perpetually engaged in a process of mathematical calculations. He keeps up an habitual attitude of aggressive self-defence. He is full of the idea, apparently, that all humanity are in league against him, and full of the resolution that he will frustrate their efforts. A curious and not particularly pleasant instance of this trait was afforded on the occasion of the Harvard and Oxford race, last August, by the preconceived opinion with which the young Transatlantic oarsmen came to our shores, that they would have continually to be on their guard against the stratagems and wiles to which their antagonists would resort in order to wrest the victory from their grasp. It is satisfactory to know that, with the one solitary exception of the ungracious imputation made by Mr. Blaikie, the American stroke, on the occasion of the entertainment of the crew in New York, Transatlantic criticism has been unanimous in its declaration that, from beginning to end, the most perfect spirit of justice presided over the contest.

Not less marked than this quality of preternaturally precocious knowingness in Young America, is a certain species of intense cosmopolitanism—a feature doubtless in great measure to be explained by

the fact that America—and New York particularly—is, to an extent which no other country of the world is, the home and asylum of all nationalities. This is not incompatible with the firm conviction which Young America generally entertains that his nation is infinitely superior to all other nations on the surface of the globe. The cosmopolitanism of Young America is of much the same kind as the cosmopolitanism of Young Russia, and consists mainly in having imbibed the tastes of many nations, and the affection of a universal knowledge of the ways and customs of many countries. To hear a New York lad talk of Europe you would fancy that he had travelled in England, had bought wines and silks in France, and had criticised music in Italy. But it is, after all, to something else than a purely cosmopolitan taste that this glibness on many subjects, this superabundant facility of flippant comment, is due. If we want to know what is the one fundamental point of contrast and disagreement in Young America to Young England, which itself is the fruitful source of so many others of greater or lesser magnitude, we must look at the rationale and view which is taken of education across the Atlantic. Only compare the career, the position, and the circumstances of the American student with those of the English, and there will be left no ground for surprise in the vast discrepancy of the social product which is the sum of those producing forces. Is it wonderful that Young America's manner is marked by a very un-English self-reliance and precocity, seeing that he completes his college education at the age at which Young England is scarcely leaving school? But this is not all. The absence of the sentiment which historical tradition generates in the youthful Yankee has been noticed; and the principles upon which his academical training is conducted are everything that could be done to foster and bring out the qualities involved in the deficiency of this moral attribute. It is by no means the loftiest object of the ambition of the Yale or Harvard

undergraduate to be the 'first sophomore' of his year, or to obtain the prizes and honours which the two universities in question bestow. In the words of a writer on American colleges alluded to above, 'The distinctions conferred by the students on one another are more prized than the distinctions conferred by the college authorities on the students.' It is the fashion for these young gentlemen to look down with something very like pity and contempt upon the verdict of their masters and teachers. As a matter of fact, they are compelled to submit to the usual examinational tests of the institutions to which they are sent; but they regard success in these as a purely secondary object. All American colleges abound in magazines, edited and contributed to by the students, and debating and declaiming societies which the students alone conduct. To be accounted by his compeers and contemporaries a smart writer, or a ready speaker, is an honour far surpassing, in the opinion of the Transatlantic undergraduate, successful competition for any number of essay-prizes which the regularly constituted authorities of the establishments bestow. And in this anomalous, abnormal, and to them degrading and undignified condition of things do these authorities tacitly acquiesce, thus signing the deed of their own self-condemnation. If, under these circumstances, Young America is apt to grow up cherishing a monstrously exaggerated opinion of himself, his knowledge and capacities, is it wonderful? Nor does the influence of this system of things end here. When we remember the educational principles that are active forces in the American student's career, need we be surprised at the passion for flimsy display of language and windbag oratory occasionally conspicuous of American public life? It is perfectly true that there are authors on the other side of the Atlantic who write, or have written English with a classic purity that is not surpassed, if it is equalled, on this—Nathaniel Hawthorne, for instance, or, at his best, Edgar Poe. But set against such men as these the gaudy

and ungraceful tawdriness which marks the style of a Ward Beecher or an N. P. Willis.

Social manners and social bearing are but the expression of moral qualities which lie infinitely deeper; and these views of school and college training influence the deportment of Young America to a very great extent. This is the cause to which we must refer the non-chalance of his air, that might be thought to require a stronger word, and the unbounded self-confidence, that certainly merits another epithet than manly. The loud costume patronized by the bulk of American youth is but an indication of the sentiment whose genesis has been traced. Young England is not free from the imputation of occasional astounding excesses of eccentricity in the matter of dress: but they are more markedly confined to shopboys and clerks, and are more transient and occasional in their outbursts than in the case of Young America. New York is pre-eminently the city of tavern bars; and the deportment of the young men of New York is apt to be seriously affected by habitual resort to these places of refreshment. The lad who prides himself for his knowledge of life on the strength of his familiarity with billiard-rooms and cafés, is about ten times more common in America than in England. The influence of phy-

sical exercises and athletic sports upon the character is a commonplace and a truism, and much of the difference between Young England and Young America may be perhaps explained by the circumstance that these are only in their infancy on the other side of the Atlantic. What the future of Young America will be is a problem that it would be futile to attempt to solve. It is enough for the present to know that he is something generically and entirely different from Young England—that the atmosphere amid which he moves and lives and has his being—that the diametrically antagonistic view to that popular with us in the case of our own lads, taken of his position and functions—and that—a point of no small importance—the very much earlier age at which he is launched upon active and professional life—all conspire to perpetuate and enforce this distinction. Meanwhile, in spite of the fact that Young America is a social development separate and distinct in many ways from Young England, characterized at every point by all the self-assertion and independence that we might expect to see in a new civilization, the passion for precocity, loafing, and what not else, it is something to see that the two possess at least one point in common—a satisfactory practical knowledge of the art of pulling an oar.





Drawn by Horace Stanton.]

THE LAY OF LONDON-SUPER-MARE.

[See the Vases.

THE LAY OF LONDON-SUPER-MARE.

I F'd the photographic skill
 Of Balzac—the reverse my case is—
 A thousand pages I could fill
 Of rhapsodies on pretty faces.
 The last geranium and rose
 With falling petals whisper 'Dare he
 In Sussex linger to compose
 The lay of London-super-Mare?'

Bold breezes insolently toss
 Fresh folds of two conflicting dresses,
 And vex the ribbons of May's cross,
 Whose gold is dull by Edith's tresses.
 Along they sweep: the bold brunette,
 The fair and fascinating fairy,
 The chilly prude, the cosy pet
 The loves of London-super-Mare.

Behold, in Tyrolean hat,
 Proud in its jaunty peacock's feather,
 A maid whom mortals wonder at,
 Whose smile brings sportsmen from their heather.
 At home, or distant seas beyond,
 There's none with whom we can compare ye,
 Oh! rare, unequalled English blonde,
 The belle of London-super-Mare!

This little quiz, not yet let loose
 From silken academic fetters,
 Pretends propriety—sweet goose!
 While Cupid teaches her his letters
 Beware! my pretty child, beware!
 'Tis necessary to be wary;
 There's punishment in every stare
 From cats of London-super-Mare.

Diana scatters smiles around,
 As down the long parade she clatters;
 And oh! the tailor she has found!
 And what a very prince of hatters!
 See here are two, not out of hand,
 Of bread and butter maids, a pair, he
 Will on reflection understand
 The school of London-super-Mare.

And as to Archibald and Clem,
 Soft Pythias and curly Damon,
 They feed on loveliness, and, hem!
 Are butts which pretty girls make game on.
 So let us sing the bonny maids,
 The pier so exquisitely airy,
 The constitutional parades,
 The joys of London-super-Mare!

C. W. S.

SKETCHES FROM OUR OFFICE WINDOW.

From Midnight to Midnight.

I DO not mean to assert that I have absolutely stood at the office window wrapt in contemplation for twenty-four hours. This is the sort of thing which another wise man, Socrates, used to do; and it is also related of a modern astronomer that he passed a whole night looking at the sky, and then went off in the morning with the fine observation that he must get to bed before it was late. But I come in and out of the office at all hours, and putting pieces together, dovetailing this experience into that experience, I may venture to say that there is hardly any hour in which I have not watched from the office, and I can literally make out a waybill of time 'from midnight to midnight.' Perhaps the midnight hour is to me the most familiar of all as a time of observation, for I hold the theory that such is the proper hour of repose, and I generally take a few turns round the Circus before the multitudinous midnight chimes lull me to repose. As I look out upon the lighted streets I observe the signs and tokens of midnight. Just opposite is the Telegraph Office—an announcement on the lamp in the centre of the Circus tells you of the fact—and the Telegraph Office closes at twelve. There are telegraph offices I suppose which are kept up, like vestal fires, unceasingly, and stand open day and night like the old classical temple. The summary of the night's debate must be flashed down to all the provincial daily papers, of which papers this telegraphic intelligence must be the very heart and soul. But this particular office at any rate closes at midnight, and as I see some cab tear down at topmost speed to save the hour, or some white excited face at the door of some pale wretch hovering about the place long and long before he can make up his mind to send down doleful news, I might begin to weave all kinds of speculations about the messages and

their senders. The clerks, I know, are solemnly sworn never to reveal the secrets of which they are made the depositaries. Perhaps that is the reason why Mr. Russell Gurney has inserted a provision in the Bill for handing over the telegraphs to Government that copies of messages shall be kept, for production, if necessary, in courts of justice. I have no doubt that astute criminal judge has seen quite enough at the Old Bailey to satisfy him of the potent influence of the telegraph and of its uses in the criminal law. If he lived opposite a telegraph office he would think so still more.

I rather wonder how it is that I thus begin my unvarnished observations with a mention of the telegraph. But I am reminded of a certain worthy Dissenting preacher who was sorely puzzling himself about the divisions and subdivisions of his discourse. At last he said: 'My friends, I have a loaf of bread to divide among you, and it does not much signify where I begin to cut.' So I have to note certain registered observations, and their order will not interfere with their design. Towards twelve o'clock the final 'busses begin to go off. As a matter of fact the last western 'bus clears off so late as a quarter to one, but nearly all the westward 'busses finish up by midnight. As they depart with the early morning hour a change gradually creeps over Piccadilly Circus. Hitherto the chief traffic and business have been on the western side, where the shops chiefly are, and where the omnibuses stop and start. But after this hour, when the places of amusement close, at midnight the revelers come forth, and a crowd promenades the pavement of the eastern side of Regent Street, above and below yon opposite Colonnade. They have come away from the music-halls, the dancing-salons, and the theatres. There are many pretty young women among them of whose character the most tole-

rant and hopeful-minded can scarcely entertain a doubt. It will be recollected that we had a long wet spring and the early summer was chilly and watery. It was sad to see these girls come out into the dark midnight with their light dresses and their thin shawls. One might watch them shuddering visibly and making pitiful exclamations about the cold. With all their loaded finery there is a wonderful lack of any ready money about them, and the soiled doves that might have been bright lights of home, but are drooped and quenched in this infernal London gaslight, wearily drag home afoot to the distant suburbs of Brompton and St. John's Wood.

I got into conversation with a chance policeman, whose solitary presence alone asserts the majesty of law in this corner, at this hour rather coarsely, of her Majesty's domains. Let it be recorded, to my own astonishment, and the immortal honour of the unknown policeman, that he refused my modest tip. He philosophically explained to me that in these days, when the labour-market was overstocked, he could not run the slightest chance of losing his situation. On some half-dozen or half-score of occasions—I trust the remark will not bring me into disrepute with my readers—I have been brought into personal contact with the police, and never hitherto had my modest tip—shilling, half-crown, or 'five bob'—been refused. I did not even know, until I was so informed by this immaculate policeman, that they were forbidden to receive any gratuity. The rule is certainly as inoperative here as with the railway porters. I remember that a servant-girl once did me the friendly attention of abstracting from my belongings a small quantity of sovereigns. I sent for a policeman, and by threats and cajoling we forced the good-looking culprit to disgorge. She said, in mitigation, that she had accidentally alighted upon the sovereigns and took them because she 'thought they might come in useful.' I am afraid that this policeman helped to compound a felony,

and received a small sum of money in consideration of doing so. But I say also that for no human consideration would I put a young girl into gaol for her first offence, and bring on her all the misery and contamination that must inevitably result therefrom. There is a great deal of discussion just now, a discussion that even became a Parliamentary debate, about policemen. There are many exemplary men in the force, as I can personally testify; but it is a matter of notoriety that there are also men of a very bad character. The case of those three young men assaulted by the police in the Haymarket was a very bad one. Mr. Eykyn, the Member, mentioned in the House that he had once been almost garrotted by a policeman, and that even one of her Majesty's judges of assize had received similar usage. The other day, there being some little press in a public place, a policeman laid his hand on my shoulder and ordered me to stand back. A civil request was all that he was entitled to make, and would have been quite sufficient. I shook him away roughly, and dared him to lay a finger on me at his peril; which effectually cowed him. The fact is that many of these fellows delight in the exercise of a little brief authority, and some of them are exceedingly mean-spirited, and delight in showing it offensively in the case of their superiors. A clergyman once sent me, almost within a stone's throw of 'the office,' a remarkable old man who had served with repute in the force for many years, and to whom inducements were offered that he should not leave it. I assure the reader as a fact that this man told me that he could not continue in the service on account of the villainy and perjury that existed in it. A policeman looks on most of his fellow-creatures in the light of ticket-of-leave men. As soon as he has the shadow of a case he desires to take his fellow-creatures into custody. And once got him into the witness-box, and the policeman shines with a peculiar lustre. He tells his story so glibly that the re-

porters can take it down without the alteration of a syllable. He has all the ease and facility that can be conferred by the practice that makes perfect. The officer likes to get complimented on his character of vigilance and intelligence, and perhaps he would rather sacrifice his fellow-creatures' liberty or life than get that character impugned. To the close observer the brazen, confident demeanour of the policeman in the witness-box is often exceedingly repulsive and suspicious. The truthful policeman, on the other hand, who gives his evidence with the limitations consequent on all testimony, who only saw part of the facts, and not all of them, who will not confound facts and impressions, who will allow for the probability of error, who will even confess that he has been hasty or suspicious, gets scouted with the utmost scorn, is laughed at by the rest, and is considered by his superiors as an improper man for promotion. I heard some very queer things from this old gentleman, on whom I saw reason to place great reliance, about the police. They should certainly be treated with respect, and also with great suspicion, and any authenticated case of their misconduct ought to be instantly reported and condignly punished, for the sake of society at large. At present there is a great deal of rankling feeling among the populace against the police, the more to be regretted as it cannot be said that it is without a real basis. Did you, benevolent reader, ever stop to contemplate an itinerant Punch? Let me confess, *entre nous*, that I have done so when a sly glance, sweeping the thoroughfare, has assured me that no unsympathizing friend is in the way. There is a certain part in the dramatic history of that unscrupulous hero when a policeman appears to arrest him on account of his numerous misdeeds. 'What d'ye want?' says Punch, with his peculiar directness of mind and peculiarity of pronunciation. 'It's my business to take you up,' says the policeman, with the usual solidarity of an official position. 'It's

my business to knock you down,' responds Punch, suiting the word to the deed with great promptness and alacrity. Whereat the crowd always hugely cheers. Now this is a sort of allegory. An uneasy time comes in political history when, if the police are in too great a hurry to 'take men up,' the men in question will not be slow 'to knock them down'—an unpleasant political truth.

So long as there are any loungers to be found, we may observe from the office window some women and children offering for sale some well-nigh faded flowers. They are there long after the westward roll of carriages has ceased, even after the last omnibuses have flickered away. There pauses at the corner that peculiar costermonger, who warms himself at his own itinerant fire, and sells hot baked potatoes for the merest trifle. You would be surprised to see the kind of people who will stop to speak to him, to chaffer if not to buy. But these presently move off, and their business, though it is queer and might be unwholesome, is nevertheless genuine and honest, which is more than can be said for all those who pace these streets at these hours. Since the refreshment houses close early by the Act, and a crusade has been made against the night-houses, the lower part of Regent Street, from the Circus to the Crimea statue, has become the sort of promenade which the Haymarket once was. It is to be hoped that the energies of the police will be turned to some practical good by clearing the thoroughfare. Charles Dickens has somewhere said that the only really dead time in London is between two and four. Very true indeed did I think such a remark, at what times in the summer nights I was in and about the Circus at those unearthly hours. A stray dog, with short howls, went by. You can tell when a dog is returning to a state of nature when he leaves off to bark and begins to howl. There has been a caterwauling concert herabouts, and some dissipated cats are flying about the street by night such as you never see by day. Cowd, craven, abject, blotted out, here

sneaks by the hunted London pick-pocket. A burlier ruffian appears. It almost seems to me that we mentally exchange glances, to ascertain whether a tussle for chance valuables would occasion much of a row. Give him a clear stage, that he may not garotte you unawares, and the hardest ruffian will not accost you. Perhaps you will meet some revelers of young men coming back from parties: one feeble-minded fellow, with an inane wink, asked me if I knew where he could get some beer. Later, the carts from the market gardens go lumbering by, and one set of people get up as another are going to roost.

The morning comes, and for an hour or two the sky is undimmed by smoke, and the outlines of the buildings are as clear and distinct as Paris itself. Eastward,

'God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.'

to quote a somewhat inexplicable line of Mr. Tennyson's which has afforded much puzzlement to his admirers, who assert that its mysteriousness only enhances its beauty. The meaning, I suppose, is that the unfolding hues of the dawn reproduce the unfolding hues of the rose. The deep religious stillness, the depth and purity of colour that prevail in the summer dawn, are solemnly impressive, and lend a brief consecration that will soon be lost to the London streets,

... And all that mighty heart is lying still'

We think this somewhat philosophically, somewhat remorsefully, as we are adjusting the latch-key, thinking of this transitional calm between the gay social festivities we have quitted, and the busy scenes into which we shall by-and-by emerge from our now darkened chamber. We make—let the fact be candidly confessed—a somewhat late breakfast, and soon discover that busy London has also had its breakfast and is up and transacting business. Men who have slept and fed well, sleek and smiling, with the happy consciousness of health and energy, are going forth unto their work and their labour until the evening, and the fashionable shops are preparing for the after-

noon influx of business. It is somewhat amusing to watch the *dis-habille* of the shops, the first putting things to rights of the opening; the fresh, pretty forms and faces of the milliners arranging bonnets and silks in the windows; and in other shops we observe ruddy, ingenuous youth, or the pale, dissipated-looking fellow, recalling respectively the *Industrious* and the *Idle Apprentice* of Hogarth. Close by our office there is a considerable variety of crossings, one or two of them the most crowded and dangerous in London. Surely there is some little cherub aloft who makes it his business to look after that much meaner cherub boy who sweeps the crossings. That boy considers me safe for a diurnal half-penny. He considers that he has a vested interest in me. I am conscious that he exercises his rights of proprietorship, and that he would transfer me, like a chattel, to any other boy to whom he might make over the broom and the signory. Wait patiently and you will find an opportunity of passing quietly and safely. If you pass leisurely, the drivers will think that they are bound to keep out of your way; if you make a rush, they will think that you are bound to keep out of their way. A day or two ago I saw a man passing in a very imperturbed way. Towards him a hansom, whose driver did not relax his speed. The gentleman raised his stick to ward off the horse. A 'bus conductor got very angry. 'That's a wicked thing,' he said; 'the horse might have started back.' I ventured to observe that the driver should have been more careful, and the foot-passenger had a right to protect himself. I spoke, too, of the frequency of street accidents. 'Accidents!' he said; 'there were no accidents!' 'Why not?' 'Because he never saw one.' I did not explain to him the fallacy of his hasty and unscientific generalization.

I have sometimes wondered whether there is really the 'continuous roar' of the London streets, or whether one can trace periodical inter-mittings. Between one and two the strength of the human current sen-

sibly intermits, and then comes a temporary lull over the billows of the London sea. Opposite our office are the great receiving offices of the English and Continental railways. Here you may see enormous vans, cranes, prodigious boxes of enormous cubic measurement. One pities the large-limbed, patient horses, especially as they climb up Regent Street to the Circus. One of them deliberately, after a little staggering, lay down. I thought he had gone to the limbo of defunct cart-horses. But it appeared that he was only a philosophic beast who, taking it into his head that work was fatiguing and repose might be pleasant, resolved on a noonday siesta. One day, finding the omnibus stopped, I looked out, and found that I was the centre of a sympathising throng. A horse had dropped; but, busy with my evening papers, I was the last person to notice the catastrophe. Again there is an intermittence in the traffic between eight and ten. In the summer months these are the hours in which the shop-girls are able to get away, and some of them make their assignations within the very shadow of the awful portals of our office. I venture to guess who are going to the Christy Minstrels and the Egyptian Hall, and those who are going to the more chequered and comparatively lawless pleasures that lie eastwards. You recognize, if only by their music, the young ladies who are going to practise in choir at St. James's, and some who are going on to the western art schools. Here is a classification of young student ladies, such as London is now abounding with, and who raise themselves far more than Mr. Mill can raise them. The girls who are students of art have decidedly the finest faces, the keenest eyes, the lips more keenly cut. Their intellectual training is just that which gives distinctness and mobility to the features. The musical girl has not keen, star-like eyes, like her artist sister, but sweeter and softer. The literary girl does not differ much from her sisters in general, except that she is rather less well dressed. At some times she is striking as artist and mu-

sician; but she is often dowdy, with a dazed expression of countenance that might be almost taken for stupidity.

There is really no pleasanter time to be watching from the office window than between six and seven. There are many people even at that hour passing by to the Royal Academy, for the early evening hour, since there have been no night admissions, is of course valuable to people engaged much during the day. You will find many genuine lovers of art, who seek to make the most of that twilight hour at the Academy. This, too, is the hour when people begin to go out to dinner; or, in suburban circles, to take tea and spend the evening. You will see the bachelors of clubs, with the doors of the hansom thrown open for coolness, and, as a rule, decorated with flowers. But I especially watch the omnibuses as they stop opposite the office door. The ground is covered by the large bills of the evening papers, indicating their contents almost sufficiently to satisfy curiosity. Sometimes a very conspicuous place is given to what turns out to be a very small paragraph indeed in the papers; something that has happened in some foreign country, instead of almost next door, as you had been beginning and almost led to expect. What is to be done with those evening papers after you have looked them through and want to get rid of them? For my own part, I generally give them back to the small boys, who may thus turn a copper for themselves. They are, at all events, industriously employed, and their industry ought to be encouraged. But now there are certain boxes to be observed at the railway stations, and you are informed that newspapers deposited there will with thankfulness be sent to the hospitals. It is best of all to send the papers to the hospitals. I should think, by-the-way, that the guards and porters at railway stations are uncommonly well supplied with newspapers, for quantities of the dailies are left about in the carriages. As I take my evening paper, second or third edition, therefore, I look about at the omnibuses. You

see pretty girls, nicely got up, well gloved, well booted, with their rolls of music, going out to some suburban music parties. If they are by themselves they will come back in cabs, or—oh, happy chance!—they will be valiantly escorted to their very doors by sympathetic musical youths. I like to think of these modest little suburban gatherings; quiet social parties, where our English home-life is so well displayed,—tea, books, music, perchance charades, or a carpet dance, then the modest tasteful little supper,—and they must go home because it is past ten o'clock. I know these nice girls very well about six or seven in the evening, their faces flushed with anticipation of the evening's enjoyment. Perhaps I recognize them again, if they have taken a late omnibus. The youngest one is rather tired, and will willingly lean her head on mamma's shoulder; and mamma, with the wariness of an old campaigner, has appropriated the snug far-off corner of the omnibus.

Deep into the night, from the office windows of the upper stories, I watch the seething masses below. As Macaulay truly said, each night London furnishes an illumination compared with which the illuminations for Blenheim and Malplaquet grow pale. Just now they are taking up the gaspipes in the Circus, and there is a blazing fire there whose fantastic gleams make things luridly visible. It is astonishing

how ample a reach the eye can take in from our windows. In one direction the prospect reaches to Leicester Square, taking in the line that forms the central road of the modern Alsatia, the supper and dining-rooms that front the Haymarket, and those two institutions which, side by side, seem to wage internecine war against each other—the Argyll Dancing Rooms and the splendid church which, mainly through Lord Derby, has been erected next door to them. I can point out some of the best places and some of the worst places, some of the best people and some of the worst people in all London, from our office windows. Westward is our loved Piccadilly, park-shaded north and south, where I always look for the purer light and for the freshening breeze. I think of the *Diable Boiteaux*, and suppose Asmodeus were to uncover the roofs of all these houses, and show me the scenes that are being transacted from attic to basement! I am sure that a tremendous amount of the world's mechanism goes on about here: it needs the infinite sky and the pure quiet stars, to understand the disorder and unrest of the human world. But just as the world revolves on its axis, and is carried on in its orbit round the sun, so there is, in this tumult, order and design, as each individual life is being rounded by the Taskmaster, and the whole race is at the same time carried on in its career of development.



A RUN TO THE SOUTH AFTER CREATURE-COMFORTS.

WHILE writing the 'Run' which led to the hint that 'it is never too late to mend' from the Amélie postmaster, my woman-kind (two), with a male attendant on foot, made the ascent up to Montbolo on one small pony, not both mounting at once, but each taking her turn. Every one of Olive's other horses had gone over the hills and far away with a wedding party, and there was no knowing when they would be back again. Little old Gran'père Coucou,* as we called him, a stiff-legged but sure-footed diminutive grey, was alone left in the stable, as not worth taking. Indeed, so stiff was he, that at any pace beyond a walk a wooden horse would be more elastic riding; which by no means unfitted him for crawling up a hill and then crawling down again, with a couple of damsels, on the 'ride and tie' system. Returning invigorated, instead of fatigued (as often happens in hill excursions discreetly taken), they report, no plants or flowers, except such as will grow on earthless arid rock; a hospitable curé, who would indeed be 'passing rich with forty pounds a year,' as he probably has not half that income, and who gave them wine to moisten their bread, his *gouvernante* accepting remuneration; and a glorious view—altogether a delightful ascent. As it happened that I left Amélie without mounting to Montbolo, I was informed that that was the most remarkable of all our excursions there; but the travelled reader will be well aware that, if you quit a place without seeing any one thing, you are sure to be told that that one unseen thing was the best worth seeing.

The present 'Run' will be better understood by a glance at the map of the Département des Pyrénées Orientales, or at least the portion

* Breeders of racehorses, hard up for names, may be glad to avail themselves of this.

IV.

of it which we traversed. We had not come to Amélie to stop there for ever; we had a proximately correct idea of what its waters could, and what they could not, do for us; the weather was growing, not warmer and warmer, but hotter and hotter; and though we still intended to see Le Vernest, we had now no expectation of finding its summer climate sufficiently cooler than Amélie to induce us to stay there, while the properties of its waters are practically identical. The reader may remember that one of our objects was to discover a pleasant seaside spot on the Mediterranean coast, somewhere between Marseilles and the Spanish frontier, and that no such marine retreat had yet been found. There remained only to explore the little bit of coast between the latitude of Perpignan and the Cap de Cerbères; if nothing turned up there we must give it up. Still, we knew of pleasant possibilities at Port Vendres; and on the walls of Amélie there appeared a poster, announcing the opening of the 'Bains de Mer of Banyuls-sur-Mer (Pyrénées Orientales), Hôtel Louvet. Chamber 1 fr., Déjeuner 2 fr., Dinner 2 fr. 50 c., Cabine de Bain, or Bathing-box, 25 c. Total per day, per person, 5 fr. 75 c., or 42. 7½d. Arrangements will be made with families who wish to prolong their stay. From the 24th of June there will be an omnibus at the arrival of every train (at Port Vendres). Banyuls is 6 kilomètres from Port Vendres, and 6 kilomètres from the Spanish frontier. It is situated at the head of a little bay which terminates a valley of the Pyrenees. The water, which is shallow to the distance of more than twenty mètres from the shore, has a firm and sandy bottom,' &c.

Not wishing to buy a cat in a pocket, otherwise a pig in a poke, nor transfer ourselves with all our travelling appendages for a stay at either of these places without know-

ing whether they would do, we engaged Victor Olive for three days with a wagonette and pair, to go and see how the land lay, and also the water. At Amélie we were told we should tire of Port Vendres in four-and-twenty hours; at Port Vendres we heard of the dangers of the road to Banyuls—of precipices, *mauvais pas*, and so on, though no serious accident to the omnibus had yet occurred; but we have the perversity of liking, when told there is nothing to see at a place, to go and see that there is nothing. We don't believe at all in 'nothing,' but a great deal in the three degrees of comparison, such as good, bad, and indifferent; and it often happens that what many people call indifferent may be made by a little management to turn out good.

Starting from Amélie after a private breakfast earlier than the table d'hôte, we left the high road to Perpignan at Boulou, and were then fairly on the sunburnt plain, with the Albères group of mountains to the right, crowned with a couple of towers, wonderfully perched on high, the telegraphs or look-outs built by Moorish conquerors. These are not the only remnant of Arab civilization hereabouts. The water-conduits, for irrigation, without which the land would be a desert, were invented and originated by African agriculturists. Rain, when it does come here, devastates almost as much as it fertilizes, denuding stony places of the very small quantity of vegetable earth which clothes their surface. We pass over long and solid bridges spanning broad dry deserts of sand and shingle. The natural watercourses, for a brief period of the year, are roaring torrents, and then remain absolutely empty during the rest of the twelvemonth. On the other hand, the Moors' canals of irrigation, after tapping some mountain stream miles away, now gush by your side, or murmur overhead, or cross your road by a bridge which you take for a railway work. By-and-by the water boils over somewhere, inundating some thirsty field whose

owner has the right to that supply. So great is the necessity of irrigation hereabouts that the very minutes during which the water is allowed to flow on each particular property are measured. Not only must the proprietor, watch in hand, let in, and cut off, the water at the appointed moment, but his neighbours also, each awaiting his turn to admit the beneficent streamlet to their grounds, watch him, likewise watch in hand. Disputes or infractions of the allotted measure are referred to the syndic of the works of irrigation. The town of Perpignan claims a lion's share, having the right to twenty-four hours' water in every week, to cool and cleanse its streets.

St. Genis is an insignificant hamlet, St. André much the same, at which latter place the few inhabitants who are awake or visible seem much amused that anybody should travel for pleasure in the middle of the day. The approach to Argelès-sur-Mer (to distinguish it from Argelès in the Hautes Pyrénées) reveals to us the consoling fact that we have got away from the lagoon-skirted coast. This Argelès is a long sultry street, approached by a substantial bridge bestriding an empty bed; its hotelry resources cannot be great; and though 'Sur Mer,' the beach, flat and shingly, is a long mile away, solitary and unsheltered, except by such shelter as can be found on the shady side of a few stranded fishing-boats. Between the town and its trees are scanty, and vegetation beautifully less and less. A bathing-machine, were there one, would be an acceptable retreat and refuge; because, when too hot to remain within it, you could take up your quarters underneath it. Clearly, Argelès-sur-Mer is not what we seek.

On the way to Collioure things improve. You approach, behold, and breathe, the real sea; the genuine dark-blue Mediterranean is outspread before you, and close at hand; its limpid waters bathe a rocky coast. Here, at last, the Pyrenees dip into the sea; you have mountain and sea combined;

pure air, clear transparent waters; the absence of all stagnation, mud, and ooze; a dry, rocky soil, where little other culture than the vine is possible; while a few scattered tell-tale aloes, cactuses, and the like, whisper what beauty might be derived from the climate if men took the trouble to turn it to account. Collioure, famous for its wines, is a picturesque fishing village, charmingly situated. It might do very well, if it only contained a decent inn, which we have not discovered to the present day. At Port Vendres, being told that it does not, we made no experiment or exploration. On reaching this latter place, scarcely three miles further, we found, to our great satisfaction, that it *did do*.

Port Vendres, then, is a very small seaport, on the edge of a deep cove naturally hollowed in the rock, and further enlarged by the help of gunpowder and the sacrifice of almost all the garden ground the town possessed. It is astonishing that the place does so little business, being the only port of refuge between Marseilles and Spain. There is no bar at the entrance, which is narrowed and protected by a pier or mole of stone, and the water is deep enough to hold the very largest ships, which, however, enter it only occasionally. Nevertheless, before our final departure it was visited by two, said to be watching events in Spain.

Our previous doubts respecting Port Vendres had arisen not only from ignorance of its topographical eligibility—so hard to ascertain from books—but also of its inn accommodation. Joanne's Guide to the Pyrenees (Hachette, 1862), very cautious in its appreciation of hotels, only mentions the 'Hôtel du Commerce, chez Durand,' but what changes occur in the course of seven years! Durand might be underground, and his house burnt down or demolished for improvements. At our unsatisfactory inn at Perpignan we were told that the hotel at Port Vendres was kept by that same innkeeper's brother; and knowing that like qualities sometimes run through the whole of a

family, we were not anxious to extend our acquaintance with it. At Amélie, however, we learnt that the real Durand was alive and well, and, moreover, that he had removed into a larger and better situated house, which was yet far from set in order, but in which there would be room for us after a certain date. There being *here* no connection with Perpignan entomologists, we determined at once to try. We found a worthy and agreeable family. Durand, the father, not old in years and young in constitution, is an artist in his leisure moments. He makes statuettes of clay, and has decorated his vast new dining-room with remarkable and fanciful bas-reliefs. The daughters do you the favour to wait at table; the son is head cook; while Madame Durand is the kindly, motherly mistress-of-all-work.

We were received at the following moderate tariff. 'Bedroom (single) per day, per head, 1 fr.; breakfast at the table d'hôte 2 fr.; dinner, idem, 2 fr. 50 c., both meals including a sufficiency of excellent wine. Total expenses of board and lodging 5 fr. 50 c. per day, per person. Children under ten years of age, and servants, pay half price. The proprietor will serve family repasts at higher or lower rates than those fixed by the above tariff.' But instead of a common table d'hôte, the visitors were indulged with separate tables, in parties, each party being served with its own respective course of dishes. As the hotel got fuller, by common consent, for the convenience of the household, the meals were taken by all at *nearly* the same hour, except when there was reason for doing otherwise; namely, breakfast at about ten, and dinner at about six. The transcription of a few of our bills of fare will best show what we got for our money.

I continue to copy the programme of the Hôtel Durand, because it states no more than the truth.

'The Etablissement des Bains de Mer of Port Vendres'—a range of whitewashed wooden closets in which to undress, with a rough covered gal-

lery in front of them, with steps into the water—is situated at the foot of Mont Béarn (which is clothed with vines nearly half way up, and surmounted by a handsome first-class* lighthouse), in the little cove which extends from the white light to the red light (which mark, by night, the entrance to the port). The shallow basin, at whose edge it is built—say rather knocked up by a journeyman carpenter—is as safe as it is beautiful. The aspect of the mountains, the mildness (warmth) of the climate, and the happy situation of this Etablissement, already attract bathers to Port Vendres, whose number increases every summer.

'The close neighbourhood of Spain, the facility of boating on the sea, the beauty of the landscape scenery, and the possibility of arriving by rail, will contribute to confer on these baths a charm which will yield in nothing to the most frequented shores of the ocean and the Mediterranean.

'A series of steamers ought soon to put Port Vendres in direct communication with Barcelona. They will give tourists the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the magnificent line of coast, which, through a length of twelve leagues, lies between those two places.

'A bark, to convey visitors to and from the Baths, will be placed at the disposal of bathers.'

In fact, this primitive bath establishment being on the side of the bay forming the port opposite to the hotel, M. Durand has provided for the conveyance of his guests and such of the public as like to take advantage of it, a spacious boat with paddle-wheels (much more convenient for passengers than oars) turned by cranks and a two-

man motive power, instead of by steam. As these two men were permanent fixtures we soon got well acquainted with them. They were, and I doubt not still are, in beautiful contrast; a laughing philosopher and a grumbling philosopher. Louis, the younger, but long past chickenhood, was always smiling, obliging, and gay; ever ready to take to the water in search of sea-eats (*Halotis iris*, here called the *sabot du Bon Dieu*), sea-cumbers, cuttle-fish, and other marine monsters, or to give swimming-lessons to ladies and children. He talked of an engagement to go with somebody to Barcelona; but I hope it has broken down, for the sake of the bathers. The other, older and grizzled, whose name we never inquired for, because we immediately christened him 'Mon Oncle,' was not ill-natured or disobliging—far from it—but he took a wonderful pleasure in looking at the black side of things. A pessimist to the backbone, he would never have the patience to read 'Candide' through, even if reading was one of his accomplishments. With him, whatever is, is worst; and he would hardly care to live in a world that was not a vale of tears, allowing him to grumble all day long.

When you reach the bathing-place after the requisite number of crank-turnings to the accompaniment of merry chirrupings and old sailors' growls, you find the water which is to receive you in its embrace excessively clear, transparent, and warm. The bottom is levelled by shingle thrown in, and the sea-urchins kept at bay by raking or otherwise. Elsewhere, they abound so as to become a vexation and an annoyance to bathers. Their spines prick your feet, breaking off and remaining sticking in them like the thorns of briars, unless you take the precaution of bathing in shoes or slippers. In some localities along this coast the urchins are partially but by no means effectually kept down by eating them, either raw like oysters, or stewed. In the first case, Figuiet informs us, 'they are cut in four parts, and the flesh taken

* This is not a general expression to denote its excellence, but a statement of its positive rank. In centralised and 'hierarchical' France, lighthouses are not loosely adapted to their situation according to the judgment of the authorities of the day, but are lighthouses of the first, second, or third class. For instance, near our own coast the lighthouses at the Cape Grinez, Calais, and Dunkerque are first class; that at Grave-ness is third class.

out with a spoon; when dressed by boiling, they are eaten from the shell like an egg, using long sippets of bread: hence the name of sea-eggs which they bear in many countries. Sea-eggs were a choice dish upon the tables of the Greeks and Romans; they were then served up with vinegar or hydromel, with the addition of mint or parsley. For my own part, he adds, 'I have only once partaken of sea-urchins, and they appeared to me to be food fit for the gods.' Notwithstanding which, neither gods nor goddesses at Port Vendres, nor even hungry mortals, took to eating them.

There is no regular beach here, like the fine, firm sands at many British watering-places; which is a pity: but there are rocks of various altitude scattered with wild flowers which make you wonder how they contrive to grow there, on which you can walk, and sit, and gaze at the sea, either within reach of the spray of the breakers, or aloft where you command leagues of sea and shore.

Certainly we are well treated at the Hôtel Durand; get apartments looking out on the port and its circumscribing mountains, have good cookery (southern style), plenty of fresh fish, including sardines, anchovies, and *langoustes*, or sea crawfish (the Mediterranean substitute for lobster), as much poultry as we like, luscious purple figs, apricots, strawberries, in short, all the fruits in season, with excellent *vin ordinaire*, all for five and a half francs per head per day. And then, no *bougie* is charged in the bill! It would be difficult to find good living and real creature-comforts cheaper. It would also be unreasonable to expect the same style and splendour as the best hotels in large cities supply. *Vins fins*, fine wines, &c., old wines in bottle, are extra and excellent. You can get them; which you cannot in every Pyrenean hotel, otherwise praise-worthy. We tried some Rancio (of Collioure) seventeen years in bottle, and found it so delicious that a cask to our address is now travelling northwards. Note that

Rancio is not, as usual in naming French wines, the name of the *crû*, or vineyard where it grows, like Volnay, Châteaun Margaux, &c., &c. When the best wines of the old province of Roussillon (those of Collioure, for instance) become tawny and limpid through age and good keeping, they are called, without reference to their place of growth, *rancio*, a term probably of Spanish or Mauresque origin. Rancio belongs to the *vins de liqueur* — ladies' wines — strong, sweet, full-flavoured, and perfumed, like Malaga, Muscat, Lunel, Frontignan, &c.

From a few chance sample bills, the reader can form his own notion of our fare.

Breakfast, July 14. Cold roast mutton; sliced saucisson; fresh sardines grilled (treble X); fried potatoes; mutton chops; purple figs, apricots; cheese; tea; ordinaire Beaujolais.

Dinner. Tomato and bread potage; grilled whiting; roast duck; aubergines (the purple-fruited egg-plant) sliced and fried; langouste; cos lettuce, seasoned at our request, for that occasion only, not with Sidney Smith's 'onion atoms,' but with finely-chopped garlic (*le camphre des pauvres* — the poor man's camphor, as they call it here). Out of these we ourselves compounded a lobster-salad, with which no fault was found, perhaps because few people criticise their own performances. *Pets de Nonne*, skilfully executed and called by their genuine Rabelaisian naughty name, instead of being emphasised and nonsensified into *Paix de Nonne*, 'Nun's Peace,' of all names in the world, to give to a dainty dish of hollow brown fritters! Purple figs, strawberries, cheese, sweet biscuits.

Next day, July 15. Breakfast. Boiled whiting, with Mayonnaise sauce heightened by garlic; beef-steaks (roast mutton and fried potatoes, in addition, had been declined as unnecessary); eggs, boiled in the shell; sliced saucisson; small figs, pears, cheese.

Dinner. Vermicelli soup; fried sole; boiled potatoes in their

jackets (by request); roast chicken; cold roast beef; cos lettuce salad; *Pots de Nonne, encore*; brown figs, peaches, cheese, biscuits.

The dietary resources of the neighbourhood are nevertheless somewhat limited. Poultry is abundant, but it is all *chicken*. Fine fowl are not to be had; the country people are too impatient to turn them into cash to let them attain their full growth, much less to fatten them. This is a wasteful way of consuming poultry, as the means of fattening exist in abundance. Private families would find it advantageous to buy up cockerels, in the state in which they are now sent to the spit, and fatten them at home. Butchers' meat is only second-rate, mutton being the best. A good deal of the lamb may be kid; the philosopher will judge of it by its quality, rather than by the name to which it is legally entitled. Fish at Port Vendres is fresh and varied, but its carriage far from the coast is difficult in summer, even with the precaution of travelling by night. We have mackerel, soles, fishing-frogs, whiting (so called; if the same species as our own, inferior in flavour and firmness), dorades, a fish called *scorpion* (belonging to the family of toads, they told me; another species of fish being called *crapaud*), *loups* (wolves), sardines, anchovies, and others rarely taken in the British seas, if at all. The population seem to eat every kind of mollusk that comes to hand, either plain boiled in sea-water or tossed into a ragout with oil and garlic. Crawfish (in large numbers and of delicate flavour) replace the lobster, which, however, is found, though much less frequently. We are promised that, in the course of next week, we shall catch mackerel in the port, and that, very soon afterwards, tunny will be caught in the immediate neighbourhood.

During our visit of exploration, having a carriage at our command, we drove from Port Vendres to Banyuls-sur-Mer, so called to distinguish it from Banyuls-les-Aspres, say Banyuls the Rough (inland). The winding road performs a series

of ups and downs into deep picturesque although vine-clad valleys, past little coves admitting the sea between abrupt low rocks—each cove just the sort of miniature bay that a gentleman would like to put in his pleasure-ground, and furnish with a private bathing-machine, for the special use of his wife and daughters. A great advantage of these tiny little coves is, that the Mediterranean being as good as a tideless sea, it is always high water in them. A disadvantage is, that if tempted by any weed or shell, as the waves do not retire, you must go into the water to get it—which is sometimes fun, and sometimes isn't. Every clump of trees—and they are not frequent hereabouts—swarms at this season, in the South, with *cigales* (of which cricket or grasshopper is not a correct translation, as happily the creature is not fond of Great Britain), which keep up an incessant, grating, sawlike, tooth-edging noise, capable of driving nervous inhabitants out of the land; with the aggravation that, as the heat of the day becomes more intense, and you want to indulge in listless lassitude, the *cigales'* din increases in persistent vehemence.

The seaside rocks, when not occupied by vines, bear sparsely a dry aromatic vegetation, typical of the Mediterranean flora, which seems able to exist without rain on vapours only, and to be unkillable by sun-heat. It includes pinks, sedums, lavenders, buglosses, a convolvulus, sundry thistles (yellow-flowered and pink), everlasting, the prickly broom and other stunted shrubs, besides the roots (now taking their summer rest) of the poetic-sounding asphodel. For want of a herbalizing box you are tempted to fill the crown of your hat with specimens, but are soon warned of your indiscretion by the minute insects they contain tickling your head.

Banyuls-sur-Mer is a fishing village, which is the end of all things French; as far as it, the road goes, but no further. There is only a mule-path, if that, across the frontier into Spain. Beyond Banyuls lies a *terra incognita* unvisited by

any but the most intrepid explorers. The land, for aught we know, may be inhabited by men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. A railway from Port Vendres into Spain is projected, which, if carried out, would take Banyuls on its way and make its fortune; but I hope none of our heads will ache till then. Its struggles for patronage as a watering-place have a little better chance of making it grow into a small town one day. Indeed, Collioure, Port Vendres, and Banyuls-sur-Mer are all three capable of becoming winter retreats. They all possess the grand desideratum, the climate, if only the caprice of fashion or the favour of the faculty could be made to point in their direction. They would all have to be made to receive wealthy visitors; but speculation has often busied itself about less promising enterprises.

Banyuls is wide-spread and scattered, possessing a rural as well as a maritime quarter. An inviting green valley stretches far behind it, gradually sloping up to the mountains, sprinkled with gardens and what look like country houses, not to mention another village (Trouillet) apparently about a mile away. Persons not over difficult might find modest accommodation here and there; indeed many do so. Before we took our departure northwards Banyuls was full of people from the plain, panting for sea and mountain air, installed in lodgings, and house-keeping for themselves as best they could, and I regret that the increasing heat prevented our becoming better acquainted with it and its environs. I would not answer for the butchers' meat, but there would be a certain supply once or twice a week, and there would be no scarcity of fish, poultry, vegetables, and ordinary fruits. During the season there would be a perfect feast of grapes and fresh figs; but such an experiment could hardly be tried unless one at least of the party spoke French *fluently*, correctly or not would little matter, because the natives speak it amusingly ill themselves. In their mouths it is a foreign language, Catalan patois being their true mother tongue: a

knowledge of Spanish would render great assistance.

Banyul's Bay has the additional merit of being unusually large for this line of coast, with a shingly beach which, though not to be compared with the firm sands left by ocean tides, is very walkable. Here also bathers are warned to beware of sea urchins, whose spines will prick their toes and their fingers too if they search under water amongst the rocks for Mediterranean periwinkles (quite as well flavoured as British ones), and where also they may have the pleasure of gathering in plenty that pretty and curious cup-shaped seaweed the *Padina pavonia*. This being the last village before reaching Spain the vegetation is correspondingly advanced. The olives (young fruit), which we left at Amélie not bigger than large pins' heads, have here attained one-third of their full size. And here, as elsewhere in the Oriental Pyrenees, Malthus's principles seem to be disregarded with respect to cats, who are allowed to rear two or three kittens or more at a birth; consequently you can count the ribs through the shabby coat of many a feline mother. In the dearth of mice, ducklings and chicks must be in unusual danger, and the average of kitchen robberies high.

We see here explained, what had previously puzzled us, the use made of the thin, inferior bark stripped off from quite young cork-trees, so young that the stripping seemed an act of wantonness, unless done to accustom the trees to the periodical privation of that integument. It makes floats for fishermen's nets. And so back to Amélie.

July 10. From Amélie to Vernet-Bains, all the way round by Boulon, through a plain country where rain rarely falls, but rendered fertile by irrigation—a system of watering which is applied even to potato-crops. To our eyes it looks strange to see a field slopped, slushed, and inundated with water, as if a thunder-cloud had just burst over it; but by this means are obtained admirable lucerne, maize, beetroot; white haricots (to be eaten dry) are so grown on a large scale as a field

crop. Only the land under vines and olives is not watered. The latter trees are planted at considerable distances, and the ground beneath cropped with corn, the only remnant of which at this date was stubble.

It was the heat, as stated, which at last obliged us to leave the waters and hospitalities of Amélie; but certainly we made a temporary jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. I had made a bargain with Victor Olive to take us on, after a day at Le Vernet, by the Cerdagne (a magnificent hilly, upland, and fertile region, which the reader is advised to visit, weather permitting) as far as Bourg Madame, on the frontier of Spain (where there is said to be a good hotel kept by a single lady), to have a peep at the town of Puycerda, in Spain, then to return to Le Vernet, and thence to Port Vendres. But our long drive from Amélie to Le Vernet, beginning at five in the morning and concluding at half-past seven in the evening, showed that it would be a great imprudence to expose my belongings, not to mention the horses and myself, to such an amount of fatigue in such ultra-fine weather.

When we were fairly clear of the hills and began traversing the plain the temperature became atrocious. The dry haze of the atmosphere nearly shut out the distant mountains. The Canigou was only visible as a shadowy outline, not on account of mist or cloud, but from the want of transparency in the air. We witnessed the treading out of corn by horses, instead of threshing it, on a floor in the open air instead of in a covered barn. By the wayside rows of cypresses were planted thick enough to form a sun-shade and a dust-screen rather than a hedge. At half-past ten we were glad to escape from the sunbeams and take refuge in a breakfast-lunch at Ille, a little town, illustrated by Prosper Mérimée in a fanciful story, 'The Venns of Ille,' which, when I have translated it for you, or if you read it untranslated, will make your hair stand on end.

We found the Hôtel Montroussé, the best in the place, closed outside, like a house of the dead. The only

way of getting or looking into it was through the portal curtain. Inside plenty of obscurity but little coolness, for the kitchen entrance (doorless) opened wide into the hall. During our repast, which was good but dear for the country (three francs and a half, most likely because we were English), our hand-maiden waved a little plaited flag over the table, including our heads now and then in the circle of its sweeps, to save us from persecuting flies, which were attracted in swarms by the fruits, the sweets, and ourselves. We were absolutely obliged to remain four hours at Ille to escape being roasted alive. Moreover, whether out of a whim or in the hope of selling him by the way, Olive had joined little Gran'père Concou to our team (three), Gran'père playing the part of unicorn. We were honoured with the same compliment as Lord Bateman's rejected bride—

'She came here on a horse and pillion;

She shall go home in a coach and three.'

Olive said that Gran'père, running before, would excite the teamsters to run after him; but before reaching Ille they had to push him on, except when beholding an open stable-door; he darted towards it, right or left, to the great danger of upsetting us. At Ille it was agreed that he should be either left behind or taken into the wagonette to ride beside us.

In winter, Ille is vexed by winds, with a little occasional snow and ice. The wood-box in the dining-room of the hotel shows that fires are sometimes welcome, notwithstanding which the gardens contain some thrifty orange-trees, proving that the cold cannot be severe. Ille is seen in a very few minutes. A knot of little narrow crooked streets, paved with corn-distressing pebbles; houses excluding light, with wooden shutters, and leaving you in doubt whether they are inhabited or not; dark dens for shops and workshops; one church with gaudy gilding and a showy organ inside; a few modest scattered representatives of that never-failing institution the café; a few modern residences in the outskirts, with oleanders and other shrubs in walled-in gardens; a dusty road, between an avenue of trees,

leading into the town and out of it; a Gendarmerie Impériale; printed election bills and addresses from the maire stuck about rough unplastered walls; and you have life before you as we saw it.

Note that the railway is now open from Ille to Perpignan, so that you can get from the former place to where you please on the rail without halting in Perpignan town.

At starting after breakfast, in spite of promises, *Gran'père* Concou was in his place in harness, the foremost of our equine three, under I know not what pretext. He would *ennuyer* himself, left all alone; he would cost a deal of money; he would so enjoy carrying *mam'selle* a little way up the Canigon, &c.; and he *did* get to Le Vernet, but I should have been sorry to be his driver. It was a curious example of putting on a drag *before* a vehicle. Beyond Ille the road regains the mountains, and keeps rising till it delivers you at Le Vernet, otherwise called Vernet-les-Bains. We went to the *Etablissement des Commandants*, of which M. de Lacvivier is the courteous host and proprietor—a delicious, shady, park-like spot, breathing *pure* warm air, full of living waters and gushing brooks, which leap from stone to stone or rush in narrow conduits, with an agreeable sound, which is audible in your chamber even with the windows shut. Plane trees and others protect you with shade, which is as necessary as it is delightful, repelling the intrusive rays of the sun; for it is only in summers like 1868 that you in England can form an idea of their penetrative force.

Le Vernet was what is called 'full' of Spaniards; that is, there were several Spanish families, perhaps temporarily preferring imperial France to revolutionary Spain. We did not stay long enough to see much of them, even had they been inclined to let us see it. The first morning, before breakfast, a gentleman who had supped at the same time with us overnight, and who spoke Spanish to his friends, accosted me in English in the walks, and politely invited me to drink a

glass of wine, specially naming sherry wine.

I declined, with thanks, explaining that I never took wine till dinner; that sherry wine in the morning would make me ill all day; and so the matter ended with mutual bows. I don't know who or what he was, French or Spanish. Perhaps he wanted to know who and what I was, and whether his Spanish acquaintances located there had anything, directly or indirectly, to do with my coming. *Emigrés* are auspicious, or at least inquisitive, about new arrivals, and are apt to fancy their movements are watched and pried into by strangers, who care no more about them than about any other individual in the place. For ourselves, we were content to have a good look at Vernet without troubling ourselves about people whom we were to quit so soon.

The history of Pyrenean meetings is somewhat this. The first day you look at each other; the second day you bow; the third day you speak; the fourth day you have taken a tolerably correct measure of your respective positions, means, and acquirements; the fifth day you are friendly; the sixth confidential; and on the seventh you take your departures, one to the east, the other to the west, never to behold each other again.

This course of events being a matter of necessity, it is useless to lament or grow cynical over it. It is surely better to have met pleasant people—and pleasant and well-informed people are often so met with—for ever so brief an interval, than never to have seen or known them at all. Life is a moving panorama which constantly glides forward all the same, whether the canvas of a retired existence be left comparatively empty, or whether travel and action fill it with numerous figures and episodes. Threescore years and ten is the measurement of cloth allowed us. We cannot much lengthen, although we may easily shorten it; but we have often the choice of letting it remain a blank or of embroidering it with numerous and varied images.

E. S. D.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CREUZNACH AND ITS SALINE CURE.

THERE are two reasons why a brief description of Creuznach and its saline cure may not prove altogether uninteresting to the readers of 'London Society'; first, because it is by no means impossible that some of those into whose hands this paper will fall, and who are now in perfect health, may find themselves at some future time compelled by the ukase of a baffled Æsculapius, to banish themselves from their native land and search for health in a place the very name of which is strange to them, and which, though thoroughly well known to the faculty, is to them a *terra incognita*; and, secondly, because it may fall into the hands of others who are suffering in secret, and almost without hope, from grievous affections, either cutaneous, glandular, or otherwise, which, being for the most part hereditary and inherent in the system, have not proved themselves amenable to any kind of treatment, but which remain an almost unendurable burden, a lifelong misery. For such, indeed, there would appear to be at Creuznach a fresh sunrise of hope, a new pool of Bethesda, for little short of miraculous are some of the cures which, by God's blessing, these waters, in combination with the delightful climate, have been known to effect in cases previously considered as utterly hopeless.

But, as I said before, the healthiest and most robust of my readers may have his or her nose brought to the grindstone some day (a proverb of special significance at Creuznach, where about one in every hundred lacks the nasal organ), and be compelled to visit my modern Bethesda. Reader, you may have the scarlet fever, you may have rheumatic fever; the stronger you now are, perhaps the worse you will have it. Both these complaints are notorious for leaving behind them some troublesome local weakness or other, which will sometimes cling as tenaciously to the system as a limpet

to a rock, and resist obstinately all the attempts of the professional medico-conchologist to dislodge it. Your physician will put you through the regular post-horse round; you will cheerfully swallow your share of every noisome drug in the Pharmacopœia; you will submit to be driven hither and thither for change of air; you will undergo the blister, the canterbury, and the leech (thanks to the enlightenment of the latter half of the nineteenth century, not now probably the lancet and salivation); until at last you will find yourself, after suffering many things of many physicians, to be nothing bettered, but to have rather grown worse. And in that condition, if your London physician be an honest man, you will probably find yourself, by his advice, at a certain door in — Street, waiting to take the opinion of Dr. Weber as to which 'waters' he considers suitable to your case. Such were, as nearly as possible, the successive rungs in the ladder of compulsion, the impulses treading hard upon one another's heels, which induced the writer of this paper to visit Creuznach and taste of its bitter but health-giving springs. The first thing to set about upon receiving marching orders was to consider the route. Each in turn was held up to scrutiny. London to Rotterdam, too much sea; Dover to Ostend, too rough; London to Antwerp, not a bad route, but a fair slice of a cross sea, in spite of the tempting advertisements of the steamboat company hawking a passage of 'Only five hours sea.' The route ultimately decided upon will be found nearly as direct as any. It was as follows: after registering your kit through to Brussels or Cologne, leave Charing Cross by the 8:45 P.M. mail train (which on this particular occasion was somewhat unwarrantably detained for twenty minutes to suit the convenience of a pair of august young personages who were on their way to the Black Forest, laying a drag from Eng-

land to Wildbad, soon to be scented out and fiercely hunted by the bobbery pack of London snobs; cross the Channel from Dover to Calais in the dead of night, at which time the sea is usually on its best behaviour; leave Calais for Brussels in the diminutive hours of the morning; and find yourself at Brussels, chilly, hungry, and longing for your tub, about five in the morning. After rest and refreshment at the excellent *Hôtel Belle Vue*, leave Brussels by an afternoon train for Cologne, the city of stench and thieves, and the next morning transfer yourself and baggage on board the early Rhine boat, and steam up the river as far as Bingen; here land and take to the 'Eisenbahn' again for a short half-hour, when, if you have survived the tossing of the Channel steamer, the indescribable dust of Belgium, the insolence of the grasping, thievish officials on the Prussian railways, the stupefying effects of the delightful perfume of Cologne, the barefaced cheating and execrable *cuisine* of the Rhine boat, and the physical exhaustion consequent upon carrying all your own parcels across the station at Bingerbrück junction to the branch line, you may be fortunate enough to find yourself at Creuznach on the evening of the third day after leaving London. And now, if you would be cool, comfortable, and excellently fed and lodged, in addition to being just the right distance from the drinking-spring, you will turn the deafest possible ear to all hotel touts, and drive straight to the *Oranien-hof*, where the excellent proprietress, Madame Pitthan, and her brother, Mr. Düth, with their carefully-selected staff of kellers, will soon make you feel that after three days of buffeting you have at last 'found your comfort at an inn.'

Of course there are other routes to Creuznach, and many of them, and selection between them should be made with reference to the powers of enduring fatigue, the inclination, and last, but not least, the *purse* of the intending traveller.

During this journey a rather

amusing incident occurred at Aix-la-Chapelle. A lady and gentleman with their little boy entered the buffet to refresh after hours of weary travel. Calmly seated at the refreshment-table was a Prussian regaling himself with viands that had never known other heat than that of the sun. The toothsome morsels consisted of raw herring, followed by raw ham, very red; both common articles of food in Prussia, and offered at almost every table-d'hôte. English digestive organs, however, unused to the exhibition of such sanguinaceous diet, and rendered extra-fastidious by travel, revolted at the sight, and, with appetite fled, the lady retreated to her carriage. In a short time this Prussian epicure of ogreish tastes entered the same carriage, and began to pet the yellow-haired little boy, at the same time asking the lady if she were the happy owner of the little treasure. 'Yes, fortunately for him,' replied madame, rather put out at having lost her luncheon; 'had he been yours you would have eaten him long ago!'

Apropos of the Prussian railway officials, their one idea is 'trink-geld.' Not the smallest of their phlegmatic fingers would they raise to a parcel even to save a lady from fainting, without the metallic 'pass' being made, and closing their fingers on silver. The following is an instance of their disposition towards unprotected travellers. Three English ladies unfortunately missed our party and had to travel from Antwerp to Bonn by themselves. They had with them a favourite old Skye terrier, for which they took the proper *billets*, and consigned him in due form to his dog-box. However, whilst waiting at the Cologne station for the Rhine train, the poor old fellow, nervous of being left behind, jumped into the carriage into which his mistresses were just about to enter. Up comes a gold-banded official, and seeing that they were unprotected by any male fellow-traveller, and hoping for a bribe, at once began to bully. The ladies explained, and begged the man to remove him to the proper dog-box.

The fellow replied, 'I am not your servant; take him yourself; there is the dog-box at the end of the train.' Pleasant this for a young girl at a strange station, with the train on the point of starting, and the thermometer at least 120 in the sun! Of course they could not take him to the dog-box, and they said so; upon which the brute seized the chain, jerked the dog from the carriage, and with an oath dashed him violently on to the stone pavement, a considerable drop, and dragged him bruised and yelling to the dog-box. Had he fallen upon his head on those stones his poor grey hairs would have been brought with suddenness to a Prussian grave, and he would have contributed his drop to the volumes of innocent blood spilt by a grasping and cruel nation. During this outrage several Prussian officers were calmly looking on without offering any assistance. Of course might was right; and my young lady could only say as spitefully as possible, 'Nur einen Preussen würde das thun,' and entering the carriage, was soon nicotineed into a state bordering upon lethargy by the cigars of these aforementioned officers and gentlemen. Doubtless the same selfishness which induced them to smoke filthy cigars in a railway carriage, without even asking permission of the ladies present, had taught them that it was no part of their duty either as officers or gentlemen to protect a helpless girl from the insolence of a brutal fellow of their own nation. Dear ladies, take warning, *cave canem*, don't travel in Prussia without your natural male protectors. But we are, for the present at least, out of the clutches of these insolent fellows 'dressed with a little brief authority,' and safe at Creuznach. And so, avoiding as much as possible all unnecessary consideration of the manners and customs of the natives, we must confine ourselves to the more sober, though far less entertaining task before us, and give a simple description of the saline cure, and of the place so far as it is connected with the cure.

First, then, as to the place. Creuznach is situated in the valley of the river Nahe, about seven English miles from the Rhine. The river—which has been up to this point wriggling and twisting its way between magnificent cliffs of porphyry rock, some, like the Rothenfels, rising abruptly from the river's brink to the height of 1000 feet, and magnificently rugged and bare; others, picturesquely wooded with stunted oak trees of a soft though brilliant green—here splits into a fork and embraces a triangular island called Badewörth, at the apex of which, and protected from a chance inundation of the Nahe by a strong stone breakwater, is situated the celebrated spring of the 'Elisabeth Quelle.' Over the spring is built a little flat-roofed edifice for the safe keeping of the glasses—for every one at Creuznach has his own glass—and which is presided over by a trio of *mädchens*, who expect to see your money when you leave in return for your having seen their faces every morning as regularly as the sun rise during the whole of your stay. These *mädchens* also dispense warm milk and whey, with which some patients are ordered to dilute their morning dose of the mineral waters. They deal also in imported waters from all French and German spas. This island may be called the head-quarters of the cure, and on it may be seen nearly all the health-seekers of Creuznach, congregated twice a day, to drink the waters, promenade between the glasses, listen to second-rate music, and stare at one another. I say *nearly* all, for there are by no means a few who are so grievously afflicted, and whose appearance has been rendered so ghastly by the devastating effects upon the features of malignant lupus, that they do not venture out until the evening, and then only concealed with thick veils.

On this island there are more than thirty buildings, principally hotels, shops,* restaurations, and

* We have much pleasure in recommending the shop of Mr. Fritsch, opposite the Kursaal, for the cheapness and excellence of his cornelians, cnytes, cut-glass, &c.

lodging-houses; there are also reading-rooms, a spacious Kursaal, shady walks and flower-gardens, kiosks for the bands; rowing-boats, canoes, punts, gondolas, goat-carriages, tricycles and bicycles for hire; dog-fanciers with queer crop-tailed little curs for sale, and bouquet-sellers distributed in the proportion of about one man and a child to each bouquet, and who have been occasionally observed making use of a somewhat primitive watering-pot when it became requisite to refresh their fading flowers for the next day's sale. Momentarily removing from between their teeth the huge pipe of the country, they fill the mouth with water, and retreating behind a tree sputter it upon the bouquet, thus doubtless adding perfume to the roses. All persons drinking at the spring are expected to take out what is called a brunnen-karte, and which professes to admit the bearer to all the privileges of the kurhouse and gardens; but whenever they indulge in a flare-up in the shape of an 'illuminated concert,' an entertainment which in the dulness of its conception, and the plodding energy requisite for its execution, is thoroughly characteristic of the nation, they levy a tax of ten groschen equally from subscribers and non-subscribers. This festivity consists in laboriously fixing many dozen paper roses upon the privet and lilac bushes, and suspending Chinese lamps in the trees. The band then plays a few tunes whilst a solemn promenade takes place. On this island also is situated the English church, close to the Nahe bridge. This is a curiosity in its way. It is a model for dampness and cold, and for this reason alone could never be entered by half the invalids in the place, even if the morning service were at a more suitable time instead of being exactly at the bath hour. There is a charming savour of Protestant simplicity as to its internal decoration, that in the estimation of many would amount to indecent bareness, and its naked walls and most disproportionate height carry away the speaker's voice and lose it amongst the dense cobwebs above.

It is under the same roof with the German evangelical church, of which it formerly constituted the choir, but became a ruin during the Orleans war of succession in 1689. The Protestants of Creuznach, in 1855, made it over to the English congregation in perpetuity, on condition of its being restored to its former state. This was done with great liberality by Mr. Henry Moor, described in the marble slab commemorating his munificence as a 'most noble Briton,' who at a cost of 1500*l.* rendered it capable of holding a congregation. The very greatest thanks are due to those whose untiring energy has helped to relieve the excessive dreariness of the service as now performed by the introduction of some really good singing.

The two arms of the river, after embracing this island, reunite, and passing under a grotesque old bridge, traverse a perfectly flat and highly-cultivated plain, on which the different crops are planted in narrow little strips of various colours, giving the appearance, when looked down upon from a height, of bottles of Alum Bay sand, until it joins the Rhine at Bingen; and it is just at this point, where the two arms of the Nahe reunite below the island, and where the wooded heights give way gradually, first to steep and almost inaccessible vineyards, and then to dead level ground, that the town of Creuznach is situated. There is but little in it either interesting or curious; it is just an ordinary, dirty, prosperous country town, containing 12,000 inhabitants, quite 10,000 of whom are Protestants, and it belongs to Rhenish Prussia. It owes its prosperity mainly to the cultivation of the vine, which is pursued with unremitting care and attention; and it seems to have as little connection with the new 'quartier,' or colony, that has sprung up around and on the island containing the Elizabeth Quelle, as if the British Channel were between them; and unless the searcher after health has occasion to visit the banking establishment of Messrs. Bechhart and Söhne, to cash a circular note and chat with the kind

and courteous manager, Mr. Scheyer, he will probably leave the neighbourhood knowing as little about the town as the town knows about him.

But if the town of Creuznach be uninteresting, its environs are perfectly lovely and rich in delightful and interesting excursions. The lover of scenery, the botanist, the naturalist, the geologist, all will find abundance of occupation at Creuznach. There are lovely hills and valleys, startling effects of light and shade on porphyry rocks and old castles, for the nature lover; there are the richest varieties of uncommon plants for the botanist; there are agates and quicksilver, brenite and porphyry, petrifications and minerals for the geologist; and last, but not least in the estimation of some, there are snakes and lizards, crimson and azure-winged locusts, and shining slow-worms for the naturalist; besides birds of almost every kind. In the private grounds of the Oranien-hof, within a dozen yards of the table-d'hôte room, you may see magpies, goldfinches, greenfinches, redstarts, nightingales, blackcaps, turtle doves, green woodpeckers, &c.; and in the vast woods of stunted oak in the vicinity of the town are an abundance of hares, partridges, foxes, roe deer, and wild boars. Mine host, who is great at 'le sport,' informed me that last winter he and one friend polished off no less than seven of these shaggy grunters in one day; and two, which were captured whilst quite squeakers from a sounder of wild pig, are kept in a kind of den (in which their probable predecessor was Martin Luther, who was in concealment here previous to the Diet of Worms) at Burg Ebern-Burg, a short drive from Creuznach; and together with owls, monkeys, home-brewed champagne, skulls of old barons, relics, coffee, &c., form part of the attraction of that picturesque but somewhat tea-gardenish old castle. But in spite of all these treasures of animal life, in spite even of these porcine inheritors of the hiding-places of the great Reformer, there is one desperate blank in the natural history of Creuznach.

Oh! tell it not at Phoebe Jones's, ye lovers of the gentle craft. The Nahe, with all its swirls and pools, its swift shallows and tempting back-waters, is a gay deceiver. It is troutless; not a speckle, not a fin, to glad the angler's heart. An utter sell, as we exclaimed when we sorrowfully hung up the fly-book and the rod, disdaining to use them against the feeble roach and 'gonjon' of the country.

Great though the temptation is, we will not here enter into a description of the delightful expeditions which can be made from Creuznach to places of beauty and interest in the neighbourhood. Suffice it to say that they are numerous and of every variety and distance. How could it be otherwise within an hour's drive of the Rhine? The carriages are good and inexpensive, with a fixed tariff settled at a moderate rate by the Burgmeister, and hung on a printed card in the interior of every vehicle; and much vexation and disappointment will be avoided by trusting entirely to them as a means of locomotion, instead of to the execrable arrangements and insolent officials of the 'Rhein-Nahe-Eisenbahn.' But no one either possessing legs of his own, or capable of making use of the hired legs of the patient 'Esel,' should miss a ramble through the rocky woods to the precipice of the Rothenfels on the one side of the valley, and to the castle of Rheingrafenstein on the other; each expedition involving a smartish pull of about eight English miles over steep and rugged paths, but rewarding toil with every variety of beautiful scenery on the way, and a truly magnificent panorama when the summits are gained. Neither should the visitor omit to give one afternoon to an inspection of the Champagner-Fabrik of Messrs. Beekhart and Söhne near the railway station, more especially if in his own happy land, in days that have gone by, he has ever indolently wooed the *dolce far niente* under the shade of the Cliefden woods, with tiffin from Skindle's in his hamper and beauty by his side; for on those costly narrow-necked bottles from the Orkney Arms he

will have seen inscribed the name, 'Beckhart and Söhne, Creuznach.' And now, under the guidance of the kind clerone, Mr. Scheyer, he will inspect the different stages by which a muddy-looking *sour* decoction is metamorphosed into that sparkling Moselle of incomparable bouquet which warmed of yore the cockles of his heart. Very briefly, the stages by which this desirable consummation is arrived at are the following.

1. The wine, in a state of partial fermentation, is drawn from a huge vat into the bottles.

2. Each bottle, as filled, is nimbly passed to a corker, and neatly and effectually machine-corked for its first time; then passed to a second machine, and secured by a single arch of broad wire, the corks for this purpose costing forty francs per thousand.

3. The wine thus temporarily corked is stacked in heaps of a hundred dozen in the upper manufactory to gain effervescence; one bottle as a sample for the batch has its cork punctured by a tube connected with an indicator, which checks off accurately the amount of pressure within the bottle.

4. Sufficient effervescence being gained, the batch is moved underground to a cooler temperature. During this process the workmen are defended by masks of iron wire; for although each bottle has been carefully tested by steam pressure, occasionally flaws escape notice and a bottle bursts with great violence.

5. The sediment has now to be cleared. For this purpose the hundred dozen is stacked cork downwards, to draw the sediment into the neck of the bottle, and in this position each bottle has to be slightly shaken six times a day, sometimes for as much as two months.

6. When the sediment has fairly collected upon the cork the batch is again conveyed to the upper manufactory, still cork downwards; and now the arch of wire is cut and the first cork sharply withdrawn, the immediate rush of wine carrying all sediment with it.

7. And now follows the real 'making of the wine.' Into each bottle is poured nearly a gill of a

delicious syrup, made of the pure essence of the muscatelle grape, sweetened and preserved by the admixture of cognac. In proportion as this addition is sweet or the reverse, highly flavoured with muscatelle or less flavoured, so will the wine be.

8. Immediately after this addition each bottle is recorked by a most complete machine, the corks at this stage costing 180 francs per 1000. It is then nimbly tied and wired by hand, and is ready for the market. When in practice the men can finish off 10,000 bottles in a day.

9. Stage 9 is by far the most interesting, as it consists in Mr. Scheyer taking his visitors into the office and lavishly regaling them with the choicest sparkling wines.

And now it is high time that we came to business, and gave a description of the cure itself, and of a less enjoyable beverage than sparkling Moselle. And in doing this it will be impossible to avoid bringing forward some technicalities which may seem more suited to a medical treatise, and some details connected with sickness which cannot but be painful to read.

First, then, the waters of Creuznach belong to the class of iodated and bromated saline minerals; the principal ingredients are, chloride of sodium, chloride of calcium, iodine, and bromine.

The analysis of the Elizabeth Quelle, the spring situated on the island before mentioned, and which is used exclusively for drinking, is as follows. In sixteen ounces, it contains ninety-four grains of the following substances:

Chloride of sodium . . .	72.88
" of calcium . . .	13.38
" of magnesium . . .	4.07
" of potassium . . .	0.62
" of lithium . . .	0.61
Bromide of magnesium . . .	0.77
Iodide of magnesium . . .	0.03
Carbonate of lime . . .	1.69
Carbonate of baryta . . .	0.0001
Magnesia . . .	0.10
Oxide of iron . . .	0.15
Phosphate of alumina . . .	0.02
Silica . . .	0.12

94.02

When the water is intended to be used for bathing, it is taken from the principal well of the salt-works at Carlsballe; but the baths at the Kurhaus obtain their saline water by steam-power from a spring which rises under the bed of the Nahe, and the Oranien-hof has a fine spring of its own. All these springs are virtually the same, the only distinction between them being variety of temperature; thus both these establishments are eminently suited as head-quarters of invalids undergoing the cure, as the water can be depended upon, and the patient can walk from the bedroom to the bath *en robe de chambre*.

In the composition of the baths and compresses, great use is made of a substance which plays a most important part in the cure, and as Creuznach owes much of its notoriety to this substance, it merits description. It rejoices in the name of 'Mutter-lauge,' which being interpreted is 'Mother-lye;' but paraphrased for the understanding of the uninitiated, it is 'the concentrated essence of the mineral waters, produced by evaporation.' It is prepared as follows: between Creuznach and Münster are to be seen many tall roofed frames filled with faggots, and with long wooden trenches, both at the top and at the bottom; these are called 'Graduation works.' The saline water is pumped up from the wells by gigantic force-pumps into the trench at the top of these graduation works, and allowed to filter slowly through the faggots into the trench at the bottom; the object of this filtration is to concentrate the salt contained in the water. When it first issues from the springs, the water contains only from 1½ to 2½ per cent. of common salt, but after filtering repeatedly through these faggots, the salt becomes each time more and more concentrated, and after seven filterings it contains from 16 to 18 per cent. of salt. The water thus concentrated is now subjected to evaporation in the boiling pans, and the residue which remains in the pans after the greatest part of the salt has crystallized and been removed, is called the

'Mutter-lauge.' It contains all the elements of the mineral water in a highly-concentrated form, except the major part of the common salt and iron, both of which have become precipitated by boiling.

Analysis has recently pronounced that sixteen ounces of this liquid contain 2484·16 grains of solid substances, viz.:—

Chloride of calcium . . .	1789·97
" of potassium . . .	168·31
" of sodium . . .	226·37
" of magnesium . . .	230·81
" of aluminium . . .	1·56
" of lithium . . .	7·95
Bromide of sodium . . .	59·14
Iodide of sodium . . .	0·05

2484·16 gr.

In this form it is a clear, dark-brown fluid, of the consistence of oil, and is used for strengthening the saline baths of patients undergoing the cure. When required for exportation, it sometimes is subjected to yet another evaporation until quite dry, when it is packed in barrels under the name of 'Creuznacher Mutter-laugen-salz,' and sent largely into foreign countries. If however it is intended to use it thus, it should always be turned into a fluid state before putting it into the bath, because the ingredients of the 'Mutter-laugen-salz' are not equally distributed in the mass, and a piece broken off and put into a bath would sometimes produce too strong and sometimes too weak a bath: this is to be effected by adding fifty pounds of water to one hundred pounds of the Mutter-laugen-salz, and then bottling off and preserving the mixture.

With this mixture, or with the plain Mutter-lauge as imported in the fluid state,* a bath as nearly as possible resembling the natural saline baths of Creuznach may be made in any part of the world, by adding five pounds of common salt and four pints of liquid Mutter-lauge to four hundred pints of water:

* Messrs. Beckhart and Söhne, bankers and wine-growers, Creuznach, will deliver the liquid Mutter-lauge carriage free to any part of England, in tins containing 24 pints, at eight shillings and sixpence per tin; but the salt, though more difficult of preservation, is far easier of carriage.

These 'Graduation works' are also made use of as a means of cure in cases of chronic catarrh and diseases of the respiratory organs. Patients are ordered to pass some time every day upon the wooden platforms on the lee-side of the filtering frames, inhaling the air, which having passed through the faggots has become charged with iodine; and patients of this description are also much benefited by inhaling the vapour of the 'Mutter-lauge,' which is evaporated in a room by means of a spirit lamp.

Amongst the great advantages possessed by these mineral waters over almost all other waters of a like nature, are these: that they can be used both internally and externally; and also, that from their freedom from all sulphates, they are perfectly easy of digestion by the most sensitive stomach, and when taken in the proper quantities are provocative of appetite rather than of nausea; neither are they in any way injurious to the teeth.

The diseases which are curable by a course of the Crenznach waters are principally the following:

1st. The great class of diseases founded on disorders of the lymphatic system, swellings of the glands, diseases of the periosteum and of the bones, white swellings of the joints, lymphatic affections of the spine, deafness in consequence of the affection of the Eustachian tube, lymphatic diseases of the eyes and eyelids, affections of the mucous membrane of the nose, indurations of the tonsils, &c.

2ndly. Eruptions of the skin of all kinds, and especially when resulting from hemorrhoidal disposition (eczema, psoriasis, &c.).

(Hoedful as the physicians always are, to keep within doors till evening or closely veil the worst of these cases, yet there are a sufficient number to be met with at the spring to horrify those who are squeamish at the sight of such things; and occasionally a handkerchief or a veil will be lifted to admit of the mineral water being taken, and a visage will be disclosed which, beyond the moving of the eye, bears no resemblance to a

human face. The prevalence of these terrible forms of cutaneous disease, and the knowledge that the primary result of the treatment is usually to aggravate the external symptoms, has kept many a healthy but mosquito-bitten man to his room for days, not daring to show at a Crenznach table-d'hôte a face disfigured by a couple of dozen of angry red spots.)

3rdly. Indurations of the breast, swellings and enlargements of the uterus and the ovaria, fibrous tumours of the uterus, &c.

Dr. Vetter, whose name is well known in connection with mineral waters, has thus written:

'The vigorous effect of saline and iodated springs in all lymphatic diseases being placed beyond doubt, the powerful combination of the waters of Crenznach allows us to expect the removal of even the most inveterate forms, when based on a scrofulous disposition. Most assuredly Crenznach will preserve the reputation it has obtained as long as diseased glands and lymphatic vessels, affections of the mucous membranes and tuberculous diseases exist.'

These waters are also invaluable in eradicating those local weaknesses of the system which scarlet, rheumatic, and other fevers, have left as legacies, duty free, to patients possessing no tendency whatever, either acquired or hereditary, to scrofula; such worries, for instance, as deafness, chalkstones, troublesome and weakening discharges, &c.

And for children who show signs of delicacy, and in whom there is reason to suspect even the slightest lymphatic tendency, it would be impossible to select a better remedy than the Crenznach waters; for how often does that which in childhood is but a tendency, and then under the control of these waters, when neglected, pass on to something worse at the age of puberty, and throwing itself upon the lungs, causes consumption.

With regard to more serious complaints, the late Dr. Engelmann, an authority upon Crenznach waters, has thus written: 'Real scirrhus and cancer are as little cured by our

lowaters as by every other remedy. A number of female patients with scirrhus of the breast, are, however, immediately prior to operation sent to Creuznach, in order that the morbid disposition may be annihilated and a relapse avoided.

Briefly, then, the effects of the mineral waters of Creuznach upon the diseased system may be thus stated: the effective components of this water are absorbed through the skin in the baths, and through the stomach by drinking, and gradually introduced into the blood, and thus by means of the powerful agents contained in the water, a tendency is given to the constitution to eliminate all poisonous and unhealthy matters by the excretory organs, and thus effect a perfect cure in cases that have proved themselves most stubborn, and which have resisted the exhibition of every other kind of remedy for years.

So much for technicalities; and now we will suppose ourselves established at the Oranien-hof, and about to put ourselves under this cure. We have before spoken of the Oranien-hof as the best residence at Creuznach, and undoubtedly it is the 'West End' of the 'Cure Colony'; but it is only fair to remark, that to a real invalid there are many disadvantages in a public hotel which are not met with in private establishments, like the excellent 'Hôtel Dheil Schmidts,' for instance. The proprietor of a public hotel either does not possess, or does not care to exert, the same authority over those staying in his house which is always enforced in private hotels, and sometimes you are liable to intense annoyance from neighbours. At the Oranien-hof we were nearly driven to distraction for ten days or so by the freaks of a creature of Persian extraction, but ostensibly half toad half monkey, who discharged fireworks and snapped pistols at all hours of the day, but especially during the hour of repose following the mid-day bath, to the intense annoyance and veritable injury of many suffering persons undergoing the cure at this hotel. A daily renewed, violent act of self-control

restrained us for a whole week from laying hands on this imp of mischief; but the camel's back broke at last, and this was the straw that did it. Whilst at breakfast in the hotel garden we observed him force the barrel of his pistol up the nostril of a donkey and discharge a percussion cap, thus causing intense suffering in the delicate mucous membrane of the poor creature; this was too much, and immediate suppression followed this outrage.

Whether therefore we are established at the Oranien-hof, at Dheil Schmidts, or in lodgings, the first step is to send our card, and the letter we carry from our home physician, diagnosing us, to Dr. Strahl, who was commended to us by a well-known London doctor as 'the most accredited physician in Creuznach, and speaking English perfectly.' After considering your case he gives you a printed paper, containing minute instructions both as to the quantity of the mineral to be imbibed, and the hour and duration of the saline bath and the admixture of 'Mutter-lauge.' He will supplement this with a few general dietetic rules, such as to avoid acid wines, raw fruits, oily matters, &c., and will keep his eye upon you during the course, occasionally looking you up.

When fairly launched upon the cure, the day will pass very much as follows: up at a quarter-past six; on the island from seven till a quarter to eight, consuming your matutinal portion from the spring at intervals of about ten minutes between each glass, and either promenading, or slipping off to the cabinet de lecture to be the early bird with the 'Times' newspaper, between the glasses; breakfast at a quarter-past eight; at half-past ten saline bath for half an hour, forty minutes, or even an hour, as directed. After having been thus rendered suitable provender for Her Majesty's navy, you are sent to bed for an hour encased with a saline compress, when it is high time to dress for the table-d'hôte, early dinner being one amongst the many inconveniences of the cure. After this meal you are at liberty till five, when the spring is again crowded

for the evening drinking; but if an expedition has been decided upon, you are allowed to take your quantity of water with you in a small bottle. If preserved too long in this form the iron will become precipitated and form a light brown sediment, but the other ingredients will remain unchanged for any length of time. In no case is a second bath prescribed for the same day, so that when the weather is propitious the afternoon can always be devoted to excursions. A pleasant variety from the monotony of the Elizabeth Quelle may be obtained by strolling up the river under the shade of the trees, and drinking the afternoon waters at the pleasant Restauration at Carlsballe, and then descending to Creuznach through the rapids in a gondola, a few of which are always kept for hire at the highest navigable point on the Nahe, about one mile from the Kurhouse. A light supper and early to bed are the rules of the place, and indeed rising with the sun, salt baths, and mountain air, all combine to pile lead upon the eyelids towards half-past nine.

'Creuznach!' said an enterprising M.D., our co-voyageur from London to Brussels, who was travelling night and day to reach Heidelberg in time to witness a new and interesting operation, viz., the extirpation of a kidney. 'Creuznach! Oh, ce n'est pas comme les autres, Brûnnen! C'est une cure sémicure;' and that is just its character. It certainly is freer from mere hypochondriacs than almost any other place boasting of a cure, and as for lounging idlers, the race does not exist. This is principally to be attributed to the fortunate absence of gaming tables and other amusements of an even more questionable nature, which tempt many a seedy old London buck to endure the tedium of a course of German waters. But still there are a few specimens of that queer race of quasi-invalids, who with no home ties, and with very little ailment, and with an utterly mistaken notion of the true object of life, try everything, believing in nothing, wandering listlessly from Malvern to St. Moritz, from Tunbridge Wells to

Swalbach; and who on their way up the Rhine, from Ems to Homburg, drop in at Creuznach only to curse its dulness, to tremble at the real sickness and suffering which everywhere meets their gaze, and to beat a hasty retreat to some more genial cure. At our first table-d'hôte at Creuznach we fell in with a robust-looking invalid of this description. Knowing nothing then of the mysteries of 'Mutter-lauge,' anxiously we asked him,

Do you believe in this cure?

(Answer.) *Non.*

Why do you come here then?

(Answer, with much shoulder shrugging.) Oh, je me laisse faire! Jugez; balances les deux. D'un côté, vous avez une méchante île où l'on boit quelques mauvais verres d'eau. Après cela on mitonne dans un bain d'eau sale jusqu'à ce qu'on est salé comme un hareng. De l'autre côté, voyez l'ennui qui vous dévore, la tristesse qui s'empare de vous à la vue de tous ces êtres malheureux, ces longues soirées sans distraction, et voilà la cure! Comment voulez vous que l'on y guérisse! Discouraging rather, but it was easy to see that he was not really in need of such energetic remedies as those exhibited at Creuznach. He was a round man in a square hole, ergo uncomfortable; his idiosyncrasy required that his restorative waters should be spiced with flirtation, and flavoured with the excitement of roulette and 'trente et quarante.' But in spite of the absence of these unhealthy though attractive excitements, the number of annual visitors to Creuznach is largely on the increase. At the present time between six thousand and eight thousand come here yearly, for the most part with the intention of going in seriously for the 'cure,' and the absence of those 'malades imaginaires' who usually throng the fashionable German waters, and invariably hoodwink the doctors and encourage others to break the regulations of the cure, is of the greatest advantage to those who are in earnest. Amongst the visitors are many of the highest rank, some of whom, probably deeming sickness a disgrace, adopt feigned names whilst

undergoing the course. This custom occasionally gives rise to ridiculous mistakes, and some thorough-paced English snob who has come to Creuznach for 'is 'ealth, enjoys for a day or two the prestige of possessing the bluest blood of the aristocracy: an instance of this kind occurred during the present 'season.' In the spring, a house and stables on the island were engaged for the Duke of —, who was shortly expected from England. This was generally known to the Creuznachers, but it was not so generally known that the Duke had subsequently changed his mind and written to resign the house. In due time a Mr. Somebody with his wife and suite of domestics arrived at this house, and was universally considered to be the Duke under a *nom de guerre*. People would point him out on the promenade, nudge one another and whisper, Do you know who that is? Well, that is the Duke of —, only he is here under a feigned name, and does not wish to be known! Poor Duke! His substitute was a snobby Frenchman of about the age of his eldest son, but the jackdaw bore the peacock's honours till his departure, and was called 'Me grace' by the knowing ones amongst the Kurhouse keepers.

The six thousand or eight thousand visitors manage with considerable spirit to break the monotony of the cure with some improvised amusements, such as concerts, conjurors, soirées dansantes, illuminations, &c.; and about once in a fortnight there is an entertainment peculiar I should think to Creuznach, called a 'wasser fährt.' As soon as it is dark every gondola on the river is illuminated with torches or Chinese lamps of various hues, and soon the long smooth reach of the Nahe above the island is alive with dancing lights, the scarlet livery of the gondola men contributing to the picturesqueness of the scene. Each gondola, besides its complement of the fair sex, has its share of pyrotechnics of all kinds, and of decidedly indifferent manufactures. There are rockets, squibs, crackers, Roman candles, Jacks-in-

the-box, Catherine wheels nailed to the ends of punt poles, &c.; and loud and hearty is the laughter of the *profanum vulgus* crowding the river's bank, when some rocket, intended to be a magnificent star-shooter, turns out to be a sell, and hisses along with a feeble sputter about a yard from the surface of the water, eliciting shrieks from, and spreading consternation amongst the fair occupants of the gondolas, and finally dashing amongst the crowd, where it is speedily captured by the tail and hurled from one to another till it expires with a bang. Great too is the delight amongst the unwashed (and unwashed they are with a vengeance in this country), when some crazy and overlaiden gondola, striving to extricate itself from a *melee*, tips over and discharges its living freight up to their shoulders in water, from which, to the weird shimmer of blue lights and to the braying of brass bands, they struggle and splash their way to the banks amidst torrents of chaff.

The donkey is much affected at Creuznach, and may fairly be enrolled amongst the amusements of the place, not only because many of the best expeditions cannot be undertaken, at least by ladies, without the valuable assistance of these much-abused weight-carriers, but also because it is highly entertaining to witness the gravity with which the shape, breeding, and merits of the different mokes are discussed by the foreigners.

John Day discussing and comparing the relative merits of his Derby entries, to decide with which animal to trust the 'stable money,' could not wear a more knowing and earnest expression than that which we saw depicted upon the countenance of a certain prince, who having planned an expedition to the Ganz Mountain, was scrutinizing the Jerusalem ponies destined for himself and his princess; and greatly did we long for the skill of a Leech to do justice to the delightful mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous, when changing his red morocco slippers for boots and spurs, this illustrious personage solemnly

rode away from the main entrance of the Oranien-hof perched with an elaborate military seat upon the summit of a very small jackass.

A vast deal of amusement in a quiet way is to be gained from watching a 'soirée dansante' at the Kurhouse. The best way to enjoy it is to secure early in the day a table near the dancing, and order your dinner for eight o'clock, at which hour the music commences. Nothing can be conceived more likely to dispel dull melancholy than to watch the antics and grimaces of the master of the ceremonies. Now solemn and pompous when introducing people of whose names he has not the slightest knowledge; now writhing and stamping and shrieking when some complicated figure in the lancers is going utterly wrong; and it is a treat never to be forgotten, to see him hunt down and capture some gaw-kish male who has hopelessly lost his partner; picking winks out with a pin is a joke to the precision with which he picks out the truant swain from the densest crowd and restores him to his fair one.

In fine, Creuznach, though it thoroughly merits the distinction of 'une cure sérieuse,' is not a dull place; and independently of its being a heaven-sent Bethesda to the suffering, it will well repay to any one the trouble of a visit. Neither is it an expensive place compared with other baths; of course there is the greatest variety in prices according to situation, requirements, &c., but the following may be taken as a fair sample:

During 'the season,' which lasts from May 1 to October 1, a really first-rate sitting-room, *au premier*, with balcony, is generally ten thalers = thirty shillings a-week; bedroom, five thalers = fifteen shillings; dinner at the Oranien-hof, the best cuisine in Creuznach, is twenty-five groschen = half-a-crown; attendance is charged for at the rate of sixpence a-day for each room; breakfast, suppers, wines, &c., *à la carte*.

A saline bath is usually eleven silbergroschen = about one shilling

and a penny; and the Mutter-lauge added to the bath is charged for at the rate of one and a half groschen the quart = one penny three farthings.

The twenty-five-groschen dinner at the Oranien-hof is a marvel of cheapness for so excellent a menu as is usually offered, and therefore it is crowded with gourmands from various quarters. It is amusing, though occasionally disgusting, to watch the manoeuvres of the foreigners to gain the very utmost for their half-crown. Wholesale swallowing and rapid backhanders are common, and shall we ever forget? no, we never shall, the temptation and the fall of one obese German. A delicious 'poulet à la Marengo' proved too much for him; after masticating with much noise his portion, and with knife and bread eagerly gathering up the fragments, he gazed at the still soiled plate with a longing eye, apparently struggled against the temptation, manifestly fell, a large tongue was protruded, the luscious sauce consumed, and the plate was no longer soiled!

And now if this paper savours too much of a medical treatise, we must not endeavour to correct that fault by turning it into a sermon; but at the same time it cannot be altogether out of place to observe, in closing these few remarks upon Creuznach and its cure, that it is impossible for any thinking person to remain for six or seven weeks a passive spectator of the terrible bodily suffering which is congregated here out of all lands, without feeling in his heart a thrill of the deepest gratitude towards the Great Preserver of man, who has seen fit to spare him individually from such crushing affliction; a gratitude not unmixed with fear, however, when he looks into his own heart and calls to mind the warning of the Great Healer—'Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.'

GOING TO MUDIE'S.

THERE constantly comes a time at the family breakfast-table when it is discovered that it is time for somebody to 'go to Mudie's.' The cart will leave books at the house, or the boy in buttons will deliver his list at the libraries; but this is a small item of business to which even very young ladies are competent to attend, and they feel that there is a personal satisfaction in attending to it oneself. There is a kind of parliamentary discussion at the breakfast-table as to what the fresh lot of books are to be. The young ladies in straying curls and bewitching morning attire are in favour of the new novels and magazines. Some severer female in the group, the governess, or companion, or spinster aunt, of strongly-developed intellectual powers, opines in favour of some famous political economist's 'Origin of Specie,' or some eminent metaphysician's 'Philosophy of the Unknowable.' Paterfamilias thinks it only decent to fling in a few words in favour of the awful-sounding title, and which, being well chosen, convey the idea that all his leisure thoughts are concentrated on these vast problems; but in his own heart of hearts he strongly leans towards the lighter description of literature. The young man of the family is up to the times, and strongly advises that they should procure the last new book of mark, which has just been criticised by the morning newspaper or the weekly literary journal. He will change the books as he goes down to his office, or, if the girls like, he will meet them at Mudie's after four o'clock, and bring them home. This is what the girls like. The young people will probably take a stroll in the Parks afterwards, and meet other young people; and if they can only entice the big brother into a shop, he will most likely be safe for a boanet or a bracelet. There will be few pleasanter sights this afternoon than seeing those fresh, happy-looking girls at Mudie's. Perhaps, however, Adelaide only will be attending to the books, while Laura is

staying in the carriage as company for her Italian greyhound.

How often have I borne my part in this 'going to Mudie's.' It once occurred to me as a brilliant idea that if I went in the morning, the first thing after breakfast, I should have the officials all to myself, and books would be procured with the least possible delay. But as this brilliant idea is shared by no inconsiderable section of the community, there is quite a swarm of early birds alighting by the counter side, and you gain no very material advantage. There are many persons who want to lay in a stock of mental provender for the day. What would the clerks in the Foreign Office, for instance, do without the matutinal novel? I remember, when staying abroad at his Excellency's the Ambassador, the government despatch boxes were awaited with eager interest, because the Queen's messenger was the bearer of important—novels from Mudie's. The arrangements at New Oxford Street are so good, and the clerks so prompt, that no one need be long detained except the individual of feeble and indecisive mind, who has prepared no list, and is in a lamentable state of mental uncertainty and confusion. He generally collapses into an adjacent seat, an object of scorn to every right-feeling man. With every provision, however, you cannot help being bewildered on a fine summer afternoon in the height of the season. The interludes of rest are over directly lunching time is past. Then the carriages block up Museum Street and New Oxford Street. Then the powder-headed footmen carry to and fro the packages of books. Then we have silken stirs and the constant stream of the passers out and in. The appearance of the hall is itself very effective, with its Ionic pillars and railed galleries. The attendants are wheeling along in trucks sets of works too heavy to carry from the stacked heaps in neighbouring apartments. Sometimes when a new and important work has been issued—say 'Felix

Holt,' of which no less than two thousand copies were taken—the copies are stacked and piled, and, coupled with any other unusual pressure, the intellectual granary becomes full to overflowing. The colour-effect of different bindings is very effective. Here you have a bookcase filled with the bright scarlet bindings; here again you have the dark blue and light blue, the dark green and light green, pink and red, the fashionable magenta, and then the sober brown and black of graver works.

Curious also it is to notice the different kinds of people who come. Some are merely light pleasure-seekers, who want an agreeable volume to help to kill time withal. Some are mere bookworms, who will sit down and pore over the catalogue, not heeding much what they read so that they may satiate the mere love of reading. A little observation will help us to discern more distinctive varieties of readers. That quiet, self-possessed man, with a deeply acute face and that expression of cynicism which has found the nose for its exponent, is a briefless barrister, who has, nevertheless, fine chances in the future, and in the meantime occupies himself with writing reviews, chiefly of the tomahawking description. He has in his hand a list of all the important books coming out in his particular line of business, and calls in at Mudie's, the earliest bird of all, to see whether any copies have just been issued from the publishers. There are always a certain number of men who anxiously watch the book market, and in many cases obtain their early copies from Mudie's, although they are frequently supplied by the courtesy of publishers. Others come, who you know, by a kind of instinct, to be about to travel, and these especially abound towards the beginning of the Long Vacation. A man will not unfrequently take some of Mudie's books to Paris; and they even come in very useful, either with or against the rules, if you are going to St. Petersburg or New York. Then several people will probably inquire in the course of the day for the Hon. Im-

pulsia Gushington's sweet poem 'Reeds from the River.' It is artfully conceived that if the lady's friends make a simultaneous demand for her work from Mr. Mudie, that potentate will become profoundly impressed with its importance, and give an order for an edition. Mr. Mudie must find it difficult work to keep everybody in good-humour, and must almost expect to find publishers and writers alternately grateful and resentful. As you linger in the hall you see some bookish-looking man, with an anxious face, asking for some volume, and inquiring if there is much demand for it. Now that man is an author, and he has got good reason for his anxiety, for Mr. Mudie's assistants are the feelers of the public pulse, and they will be able to tell him almost unerringly whether his work is making its way or not. Disappears the author, and in the turn of a kaleidoscope some fast young man makes his appearance, perhaps an officer in the Guards, who knows that the fashion of the times is altered, and he can hardly make his way on in society without a little help from Mudie. To them enter, as they say in the stage directions, some pretty girls, perhaps the Adelaide and Laura of whom we spoke, at whom the gallant officer gives admiring glances, of which the fair recipients are demurely unconscious.

To that kind of individual to whom the respectful title of 'the moralist' is conceded, Mudie's library must bring its subjects of reflection, inasmuch as it faithfully mirrors certain tendencies of the age. The other day I saw a calculation of the kind of books issued, which was something this way—Works of Science, 1; Works in History, &c., 3; Fiction, 3500. This, however, is only a kind of fancy estimate. Mr. Mudie's interesting statistics present us with very different results, and show the proportion in a million volumes to be of history and biography about two hundred thousand; of travel and adventure one hundred and fifty thousand; of works of fiction four hundred and fifty thousand; of miscellaneous literature, including works of science

and religion and the principal reviews, about two hundred thousand volumes. The largest number of copies ever taken of a single book was three thousand two hundred and fifty of Livingstone's 'Travels;' next in order of number come Macaulay's 'England' and M'Clinck's 'Voyage in Search of Franklin;' then 'The Mill on the Floss' and other novels. Still, novels make the staple; but, unhappily, there are very few novels which have a permanent value. You should only see the immense store of copies which are stowed away in Mr. Mudie's capacious vaults. They are cheapened and cheapened, and although the country circulating libraries are told that they may have a fabulously large number at a fabulously low price, there is still an uncomfortably large unsaleable residuum. It is very much to the credit of Mr. Mudie that he very carefully watches the moral tendency of the different works which he admits into his library. At times, of course, there must be oversights, and the list is made, so far as may be, elastic, liberal, and expansive. Still, no book which public opinion would brand as a bad book is to be found here. The present generation has witnessed an extraordinary conflict between good and evil literature. In that conflict Mudie's Library has borne an honourable and beneficent place. The forces of good have obtained a most signal triumph. Books with a tendency directly good immeasurably outnumber books with a tendency directly evil, and it is one of the happiest facts of the present day that a great library like this has no admission for books avowedly flagitious. But 'going to Mudie's' exhibits to us another very remarkable feature of our time. A class of books rivalling the best novels themselves in interest and popularity is a certain class of religious or semi-religious publications. The demand at Mudie's has been enormous for such works as the 'Essays and Reviews' and the 'Ecce Homo,' that is to say, for religious works of a somewhat unorthodox and sceptical character. The inference is sometimes sought

to be drawn that the intellectual tendency of the age is somewhat sceptical and unorthodox. The facts, however, in the opinion of some who are eminently qualified to judge, fail to bear out this conclusion. The sudden and large circulation of such works is due to extraordinary literary merit or accidental circumstances, such as chance notoriety, or mystery, or legal prosecution. It is remarkable that an ordinary book of this character has a very limited sale; and the recent failure of the 'Reader,' and the extinction of one half the issue of the 'Fortnightly Review,' are also significant facts. The noiseless wear of the usual good books continues without the diminution, and with almost overwhelming preponderance as compared with publications of an opposite character.

Those engaged in 'going to Mudie's' behold another vast emporium close at hand, and within a stone's throw of the other, in the great establishment of Messrs. E. Moses and Sons. I trust that these gentlemen, who have always shown a very proper and correct sense of the value of advertising, will deeply appreciate this thoughtful and entirely gratuitous mention of their fine place of business. Their place rivals Mr. Mudie's as an architectural embellishment to New Oxford Street; but I will mention it as a curious fact, worthy of the attention of the 'moralist' aforesaid, that the multitudes who go to 'Mudie's' very seldom pass the crossing and go to 'Moses,' and the multitudes that go to 'Moses' very seldom pass the crossing and go to 'Mudie's.' I am very far from drawing any invidious contrast between the respective followers of these two truly great men; but, as Coleridge was thought to have said a very clever thing when he said that every man was born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian, so I may be permitted to observe that every man is born either with a 'Moses' turn of mind or a 'Mudie' turn of mind. A man may be permitted to have his own prejudices in favour or disfavour of either Mudie or Moses. There will be always those who will think that

outward habiliments are the great thing, and those who think that what may be boldly called inward habiliments are the great thing. Sydney Smith called Macaulay a book in breeches; and there may be, after all, no necessary antagonism between books and breeches. If there were such an antagonism the small clothes would carry the day to a certainty.

There is one other vast emporium hard by Mr. Mudie's, which is indeed of a kindred character, and the goers to Mudie's are frequent goers thereto. Of course I mean the Reading Room of the British Museum. Tyburnia is not more the region of fashion, or the city the region of business, than Bloomsbury is the region of the book mart, so far as reading and readers are concerned. You have Mudie's, and you have the British Museum, and your path in Holborn or Oxford Street is almost lined with those bookstalls which are supposed to yield such delicious delights to spectacled bookworms and poverty-stricken children of genius. As examples, you have *Oliver Twist's* kind friend Mr. Brownlow, and Lord Lytton's child of poetry, Leonard Fairfield. A great value belongs to 'Mudie's' as the necessary complement and supplement to our hugest reading-room in the world. For at the British Museum a man can get almost any book he can possibly desire, with the exception, which is often like the roc's egg in Aladdin's palace, he cannot obtain an entirely new book. But here Mr. Mudie, like an amicably-disposed magician, comes to the rescue. He has old books, indeed, and he must strongly lean to the opinion that readers ought to take the old with the new, the fat with the lean. But new books are his specialty; and although country correspondents may find in their boxes a plentiful share of old books, and grumble thereat, yet the Londoner who goes to Mudie's insists inexorably on the very last new books, and Mr. Mudie will rain them down upon him as fast as he wants them. I feel disposed to believe that the summit of human

felicity is attained by the man who has a reading ticket at the British Museum, and is also a subscriber to a liberal proportion of books at Mudie's. He belongs equally to the past and to the present. He is *totus, teres atque rotundus*. He has readings when he goes abroad, and readings when he stops at home. The rainy day has no trouble, and the solitary evening no *ennui*. He has the cheapest, best, and most enduring kind of amusement.

The whole book trade has become revolutionized. In a most important aspect we have undergone a vast social change. There are now, since the time of the last Reform Bill, a dozen books published where there used to be one, and a hundred readers where there used to be a dozen. In fine old country libraries, where all used to be loneliness and stagnation, Mr. Mudie's books bring a fresh current of life, and remote provinces feel the ebb and flow of the London literary wave. It is not found, either, that the lending of books has spoilt the buying of books. People will still buy books as the best of presents, and the books which they keep by them as favourite associates and enjoyments. The literary appetite has, in part, been created by the literary supply, which lends it both satisfaction and incitement. Above all, what would be done in lonely country houses, and what by the pleasant seaside, and what in chambers of restlessness and confinement without that ozone of intellectual life which Mudie supplies? 'Going to Mudie's' is too precious an employment to be assigned to other hands than my own. During the season I may be constantly observed in the department labelled Y. Z. (which initials, by the way, form a sound honourable to my employment), lending a gracious patronage to all new works of merit, and distributing benevolent smiles to those who imitate my steps. To those who do not go to Mudie's (a miserable minority) I say 'Go,' and to those who go, I say, 'Go yourself, and go often.' 'Going to Mudie's' is an institution.



Drawn by Louis Huard.]

GOING TO MUDIE'S

(See the Page.)

FURNISHED HOUSES.

IT has so happened that a considerable part of my mundane existence has been passed in the somewhat unique way of a series of occupations of furnished houses. My list of them would considerably surpass even *il catalogo* of Leporello. My maiden aunt was prescribed, or rather upon due consideration she thought fit to prescribe to herself, a constant change of scene and climate. There were only two limitations to our choice of residence, first that the scenery should be pretty, and next that it should be in the South of England. It was accordingly my duty to superintend three maids, a manservant, fourteen boxes, nine portmanteaus, a quantity of heavy luggage, a parrot and a poodle, and the old lady herself, who gave as much trouble as all the rest put together. I was called her nephew, but I myself keenly felt that I was nothing better than a major-domo. My chains were, however, gilded, and I had always that consideration which is generally given to the solitary gentleman of a large party. My aunt did not much care whether we resided at the top of a mountain or underneath a cliff if only the air was good and the situation picturesque. If there was any association of it with poet or painter of renown she was quite ready to consider the circumstance when she came to the consideration of the question of rent. In these years existence was to me a kaleidoscope of revolving pleasing scenes. Many curious incidents happened to us on our travels, and I moreover accumulated a large amount of business experience, which, if that precious quality of experience were susceptible of being imparted, would be of the greatest possible importance to the British public in their annual exodus to the coast.

Some of these houses, in the watering-places at least, were hired from agents who had frequently built, furnished, and were letting them, as a matter of speculation. Others we hired from gentry who

were very willing to let their houses while they went away themselves on visits or tours. We experienced in our time both very liberal and very illiberal treatment, but we found that no particular kind of treatment was identified with either class. There was one pretty watering-place to which we used to resort a great deal, partly because it suited the health of my literary aunt and partly because she discovered that a celebrated poet had an allusion to it in one of his sonnets. I need hardly warn the public too much that we should endeavour to learn something of the character of the person whose furnished house one may be occupying. There is a sentiment in the human breast which may be called a taste for 'extras.' We see this passion strongly developed in lawyers' bills, school bills, and most official accounts. If you hire a house at a stipulated amount it might be thought that there would be little scope for this original faculty of human nature. But *naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret*. There is a little document called an inventory, which is frequently slurred over very rapidly when you enter and dwell on with minute particularity when you depart. The ordinary furniture of a furnished house is often scanty to the point of indecency, hard to the touch, and angular to the eye. I know a fellow who in a very clever way makes an addition of one-half to his rent by claims of this sort, and thus gratifies his thirst for extras. I have watched the rise and progress of this man with considerable interest. He had a shop next to one of his houses, over which in gilded letters we read the humble, unassuming name of 'Rag.' In the course of a few years an additional letter humbly crept to join the others, and we now read 'Ragg.' As time crept on the bold idea occurred to the owner of the name that a single letter more might, without altering the euphony, considerably add to the respectability of his appella-

tion. Accordingly the outside world dwelt admiringly on the name of 'Wragg.' But even this did not exhaust the series of improvements, for on my last visit I saw that the name had been prolonged to 'Wragge.' He proceeded in other things as systematically as in his nomenclature. From the plunder of successive tenants he gradually renovated each item of furniture, and his house was always getting gayer and gayer, of course with increasing prices. Mr. Wragge (Wragg, Ragg, Rag) certainly put his business on a sound commercial basis. There was another house in the same place where we used to go whose 'extras' were to those of the other house as shillings to pounds. I am afraid though his friends are numerous that his place is getting shabby; but I know that my aunt has had him down in her will for a comfortable legacy.

It used to be dreary work at first, the taking of a furnished house at a watering-place, before you knew anything of the place or the people. Constant campaigning, however, has brought us even in this difficult matter to a considerable degree of perfection. As a rule the local gentry will not call unless they clearly understand that you are going to be a permanent resident. Even then they will sniff about you for an immense time before they make your acquaintance. The parson will call, but then the parson has the notion, generally speaking, that you ought to ask him to dinner rather than he you. My aunt's notions of religion are not inconsistent with a rubber of whist and a carpet dance, and with many divines it requires a great expenditure on schools and charities before this defect can be obviated. The gentry, though too grand to call, were not too grand to watch our expenditure, or even our letters, and to make inquiries from the tradespeople. The tradesmen seem to have carefully studied a single text in reference to their duties to strangers, for we were strangers, and they 'took us in.' The plan should be to get a few good introductions to country families—a box

ticket takes you all over the house—and until you have time to cement these acquaintanceships to fill your own house with agreeable visitants. On two occasions we had suddenly to decamp; once when a lively brigade of insects crowded us out, and once when we made the startling discovery that scarlatina had been raging among the last inmates of the place.

But it is very different if you take a country house, hire for a season a manor-house or rectory. The hospitable country people soon come around you. You suddenly become admitted into very agreeable intimacies. You go to lunch with people or they come to you, and the lunch ends in a long afternoon stroll or a drive, and you part at twilight with a sincere feeling that the hours have been pleasant and that you soon hope to meet again. Nice people perhaps pronounce you nice, and even the Countess's low pony-carriage will pass up the avenue, and you will get an invitation to the Castle. My dear aunt had never been at a castle before, and she was a little confused at being thrown among the lords and ladies. The owner of Downton Lodge was a man of ancient pedigree and an immense favourite in the neighbourhood, and when on account of the health of one of his children he took all his family to Nice and let the Lodge, all the neighbourhood who liked him so very much showed their respect by coming to call upon his temporary successors. My aunt came out very well, and her return party was long the theme of admiration. She spared no expense, getting down waiters and everything she wanted from the best houses in London. The winters were most brilliant, although we had to go sometimes twenty miles to a dinner-party, and on one occasion were snowed up for three days at a remote place. This was rather too much for my aunt. I believe there was something in her constitution that could not stand too much of this sort of thing; and so there is I suppose in most persons'. When the owner

of Downton Lodge returned we resolved that we would certainly maintain more quiet for the future; but we have still good friends and make frequent visits into that most pleasant and hospitable of English shires.

Generally speaking the plan was that we looked out in the 'Times' or the 'Field' for some sort of place which took my aunt's fancy. Originally she used to insist that there should be a right of shooting over a thousand acres. I represented to the Matern, which I classically used to call her, being the aunt on the mother's side, that I was not in the habit of shooting and she certainly was not. She allowed the argument, but asserted that there was something seigniorial and respectable in having land to shoot over, and it was with great difficulty that I broke her of the practice. My aunt was also particular, if possible, in procuring a house that had a ghost belonging to it. She conceived that there was something feudal and baronial in the quasi-possession of a ghost. I remember being in one where a deceased owner with nearly all his family had been drowned in his carriage while attempting to ford a brook that had been swollen by recent rains. Every night at eight o'clock the servants said they heard the rapid drive of the wheels as they neared the fatal brook. My aunt heard the narrative with great complacency, but that was an hour of dread to the maidens. Our man-servant possessed a considerable gift in the fabrication of ghost stories, and he gained an absolute dominion over their feelings in the way of shocking or soothing them. Once, however, she was thoroughly frightened, which I did not regret, perhaps, so deeply as I ought to have, done. I was away one day when a set of sturdy vagrants entered the place. They were a set of rough, able-bodied fellows with bludgeons, a scythe, and a reaping-hook. They asked for alms, and the cook, trembling in her shoes, put a bold face on it and ordered them to be gone. The men evidently did not dare to commit a felony, but they deter-

mined to try the effect of moral force. They swore and muttered, declared that it was too bad that there should be plenty in the house and eight Christians starving, and even made a slight physical demonstration. My aunt hearing a hubbub came down and nearly fainted when she saw a troop of strong fellows downstairs. She told me, however, that she soon recovered her composure, and determined on being deadly polite. She formally invited them all into the dining-room, and told the cook to put wine and beer on the table and whatever she had fit to eat. She actually gave them half a crown a-piece, and when one of the ruffians, with a threatening motion of his bludgeon, asked her what time it was, she begged him to accept her watch as a present. They made so merry over their meal, that I came back with the man before they had finished, and succeeded in clearing, pistol in hand, the premises of them, and also in getting back that old family chronometer.

When we had settled, after a correspondence, that there was a likelihood of our taking the house, I was sent down to survey the ground and make all necessary inquiries. Once and once only did we take a place and actually go down to it without having given it any inspection beforehand. The proprietor was in a great hurry and had another offer; we might take his proposal or leave it. We considered that the circumstances of the matter were quite satisfactory and took the place. We got down to a remote railway station on the loop line, and through the fast waning twilight into night we drove through those unknown paths and that strange landscape until we reached the place which we had taken, called the Grange. There was nobody about, and I dismounted from the box where I had been seated, nominally for the air and prospect, but, in reality, to get rid of my aunt. It was a long, low range of buildings, apparently of the Elizabethan era, with porch, gables, and mullioned windows. We knocked gently, rang gently, and there being no answer, went on *crescendo* until we thundered against

the oak. The maid-servants began to be alarmed; my aunt's maid actually screamed. To add to our difficulties the driver put out our luggage, and drove off, saying that he had another job. We waited for half an hour in the cold of the autumn night. Then I went steadily round the house and climbed over a wall that separated the offices. I then found several doors in a sort of court-yard, and I tried all and one of them yielded. I obtained a light from a fusee, and went along a long passage, burning up a 'Bradshaw' as I proceeded. When I got into the kitchen I found a candle on the dresser, and going into the hall unbarred and unlocked the door. We got into the empty house and lighted up a fire in the kitchen. Then we set out on our researches to try and explore the mystery. There were helmets, armour, and huge antlers in the halls, that looked absolutely portentous amid the flickering shadows overhead. We got into the dining-room. It looked as if it had only been quitted a few hours ago. A lamp was still burning low, though the embers had burnt out in the grate. There was a decanter half full on the table, a plate of biscuits and the major part of a cold fowl. Does the reader remember the feelings of Robinson Crusoe when he got on board the wreck and found it full of all sorts of jolly things, which he forthwith stowed away in his cave? I made treasure trove of the bird and wine—and stowed them away in my cave. A book was lying opened, a letter unopened on the table. Then we went into the drawing-room. There was a quantity of silver in a plate-basket, collected but not put away. Proceeding up stairs we found the front bed-room in a state of extraordinary confusion. Drawers were lying loose, and a portion of the contents, evidently the worse portion, were lying about the room. There were abundance of blankets about but no linen. We called and shouted, but there was no answer, only mysterious echoes from dim queer corners. With some difficulty we contrived to bivouac for the night, double locking the doors, and I am

given to understand that my aunt and the maids refused to take off their clothes. In the middle of the night the poodle created the deepest consternation by barking most ferociously, and we were ready to believe that villains who had begun to plunder the house, perhaps disturbed by our knocking, were returning to complete their nefarious operations.

I am sorry to be obliged to give a prosaic explanation of these picturesque and thrilling circumstances. The unopened letter was from myself announcing the day of our intended arrival. Owing to a misdirection the letter had been long upon its travels. We found out that the people of the house were very careless, and had departed in a great hurry, having deferred their preparations till very late. They had left one servant, the cook, to make things tidy and prepare for our reception. The cook got nervous at being left alone in a big house and went off to her mother in the town. This cook afterwards gave us a good deal of trouble. It is usual to have an inventory of furniture; but if you only take a house for a short time, and a servant is left in charge, the inventory is frequently omitted. I found, however, that our careless friends had left so many places unlocked, so many valuables lying about, and the servant seemed so careless and indifferent, that I insisted on sending for the parish schoolmaster, and on his making out in my company a complete inventory. The cook was on board wages—generally a bad arrangement in such cases—and of course subsisted upon us. This we did not mind, the circumstance being usual; but upon penetrating to the kitchen one night, after our own servants had gone to rest, I found the cook with three or four followers carousing on our sirloin and a variety of bottled claret and Pasa. I was at a loss what measures it was best to take. I had occasionally noticed that at times the cook unaccountably disappeared, and if she heard the bell would utter strange noises from a subterranean region. One day, when she was

exceedingly long in reappearing, I took a light and proceeded in search of these abysmal utterances. We discovered that they proceeded from the wine cellar, which we understood had been securely fastened up by the outgoing people. The cook, however, evidently possessed a key—the real key or a counterfeit—for we found her in a hopeless state of intoxication, and nearly drowned in the contents of a cask of sherry, which she had set running but was unable to stop.

While staying in one of these furnished houses I heard one of the most remarkable stories which ever came to my ears, and which I would not venture to put down if it had not come to me with great particularity of detail. We had taken for the summer a vicarage house in a remote sea-bound parish. There are various clergymen in pretty localities who look on letting their houses as a regular source of income, occasionally the best part of their income. Let me also say that, as a rule, we found these houses exceedingly comfortable, modest, and without any pretence yet full of elegancies and conveniences. Even in summer the house was very lonely; the population did not exceed fifty, although the parish was five miles long. The sea, as a boundary, practically robs you of half of your neighbourhood. It divides everything. The land side was peculiarly bare, uncultivated, rough, and remote; but the great scenic beauty of the position reconciled us to our loneliness and obscurity. Many years ago two clergymen, brothers, used to live there, by all accounts very singular beings. The one was the rector, and the other brother officiated as curate. As a matter of fact, however, both together did exceedingly little duty, and created much scandal even in those easy days and that limited neighbourhood. It frequently happened that nobody came to church and the service was left unperformed. On one occasion he found to his great amazement a stranger in the church. He politely offered to go through the service if the stranger wished, but if not, he suggested that they

should adjourn to the public. That was very much the style of thing among the mountain clergy once. The rector died, one hard frosty winter, of a chronic illness. The snow was lying deep on the ground; no caller had been near the house, and the church had been tenantless for many Sundays past. The curate was put in a great fix by the loss of his brother. The location at the rectory was very pleasant for him, and that location would for him soon be a thing of the past. There would be a new rector appointed and the rectory must be vacated. The value of the living was not great, only some two hundred a year, but the house was pretty and good, and there was a very desirable glebe attached to it. Poor curate William's mouth watered as he thought of his brother's enviable possession coming to him, and he wondered whether it was possible by any means to contrive that the rectory should come to him as his successor.

No one knew that his brother had departed this life. It was wild weather in a wild country. The brothers, in their wild, outlandish sort of life, used to do pretty well for each other with the occasional help of an old woman. Within the last few days the old woman had taken to bed with the rheumatics and was not likely to show for some time. William locked up the room in which his dead brother lay, found his way, despite the inclemency of the season, to the country town, and went up to London. He called upon the Lord Chancellor and found means of obtaining an audience. He told the Lord Chancellor that his brother the rector was dead, that he had been curate for many years, and trusted that he would receive the vacant appointment. He added that the living was of such small value and in such a remote district that he greatly questioned whether any one would think it worth while to apply for the appointment. The Chancellor told him that he might apply again in a week or ten days, and he would see in the meanwhile what applications were made for the appointment.

The brother lingered about town for the specified period and then renewed his call. His lordship said that things had happened as he had foretold, and that as no one had thought it worth while to ask for the vacant benefice he had no objection to appoint him. William took care to get the appointment duly made out by the secretary of presentations and then started homewards rejoicing. He proceeded publicly to announce the news of his lamented brother's decease and gave him quite a grand funeral. Applications then came upon the Lord Chancellor in shoals; but it was too late, for the living had been given away.

There were still numerous traditions lingering in the neighbourhood of this curious parson's very questionable eccentricity. I can give one of his sermons, which has long been quoted as a masterpiece of oratory along the country side. It happened on a fine summer day when there were some friends and neighbours in church, and also two or three tailors. 'My brethren,' said Parson William, 'I will divide my discourse into three parts. I will, in the first place, tell you something that I know and you do not know. I will, in the second place, tell you something that you know and I do not know. I will, in the third place, tell you something that none of us know. In the first place, then, to tell you something that I know and you don't, the fact is that I have got no breeches on. In the second place, to tell you what you know and I don't know, how much will you contribute towards buying me a pair? And in the third place, what neither you nor I know is, how much the thief of a tailor will charge for making them.' I have heard very quaint anecdotes of the mountain clergy; Mr. Conybeare has given many such, but this is one of the quaintest.

I hardly need any other incidents worthy of commemoration; for the most part it is a prosaic, business-like matter, attended by the inevitable disagreeables of packing and unpacking. I remember our going into a house, and in the middle of

the night there was a tremendous storm, the same storm in which the 'London' was lost. We heard deep moans from the aunt, and found that the rain was penetrating through the roof, turning the four-poster into the resemblance of the Knaresborough dripping well. It appeared that the shortsighted landlord, who had only a life-interest in his property, had cut down some fine trees which had hitherto broken the force of the Atlantic breeze in its most prevalent quarter, and the wind now blows his roof away twice or three times every winter, and people say that it serves him right. In taking a furnished house it is not enough that everything should look well within, but you should carefully examine the exterior or fixtures, or engage some astute person to do so for you. We had a very pretty house once in a famous part of a lovely county, a house that has been painted, photographed, idealized by a crowd of artists. Our rockery and our waterfalls were known all over the kingdom. My aunt took the place less for its attractions than on the high principle that we were getting the place a great bargain. The terms in the season were twelve or fourteen guineas a week, but the rent was only a hundred and fifty a year. The scenery was really of a romantic kind, the true sub-alpine sort, which is the best one gets in this country. In the summer a crowd of tourists came about us. We kept a visiting book on purpose for them, which mightily pleased the aunt, who read out the names aloud every evening. The man-servant certainly made a good deal of money in the way of tips, and withdrew his account from the post-office because it would not receive all that he was willing to contribute, but we merely had the expense of putting on an additional gardener. In the winter we were quite able to comprehend the lowness of the rent—the place became simply inaccessible. The ground rooms were damp, and we had to betake ourselves to the upper rooms, which were fortunately sufficiently numerous and spacious. Some of the shops in the village shut up

altogether. The butcher killed once in the week, and would send to tell us that we might have a leg or a loin if we liked, and if we didn't like we might go without anything. The postman only came on alternate days, and we had exactly thirteen minutes for the return post. By way of set-off to such desolations and privations we once or twice had houses in London or the suburbs. We found that the servants left in charge levied a kind of black mail on all our dealings with the tradespeople. We charitably take it for granted, however, that this was rather our special misfortune than a general fault of the class.

One fine day, however, my aunt suddenly took it into her head to recollect that all this time she had a very good house of her own by no means less agreeable in its concomitants than many of the dwellings which she had inhabited. For many

years past she had been allowing a man and his wife eight shillings a week, with coals and gas, to look after her property, as she was much too grand to sublet it to any temporary tenant. We found this house in an infinitely worse condition than if she had let it satisfactorily, and the man and his wife, by their constant quarrels and their blackguard acquaintance, had rendered my aunt's highly respectable abode perfectly disreputable in the eyes of the public and the police. They not unnaturally objected to go, considering that they had established a kind of freshhold; and when they were shoved out I had a most laborious work to inaugurate of moral and material renovation. And thus I linger on, the major domo of a furnished house, in a delightful state of uncertainty whether my aunt will leave me all her fortune or turn me adrift upon the world without a shilling.

A PROVINCIAL-BALL IN FRANCE.

PARIS is a great social sun, around which eighty-eight satellites revolve, by which they are warmed, and from which they reflect their light. Every department has its little imitative capital, where things Parisian are things perfect, absolutely incapable of improvement. The satellites are as obedient to the whims of the greater orb, as are the satellites of Saturn to their controlling planet. Each of these eighty-eight provincial capitals has its imitation of the Tuileries, its little court, and its manners and fashions, imported from the great dictatorial centre. The prefect is a little emperor, the prefecture a Lilliputian Tuileries; and there is in all of them an imitation aristocratic old Faubourg St. Germain, a quarter of the Champs Elysées, petty boulevards, cafés à la Paris, and coteries of society divided into Bourbons, Orleanists, Imperialists, and Sans-culottes. Curious is it to see with what proud reverence society in the provinces looks up to society at the Great City—with what kindly condescension the Great City looks

down upon its little worshippers! Madame la Marquise, who has a hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, and deigns to spend a part of the season at the provincial capital, is inevitably the leader of its society; she is the despot of its fashions, her table is a constant example to the *gourmands*, her manners are studied, her presence in the houses of the provincial aristocracy is an honour descending an heirloom of tradition in the happy family so highly blessed. Even Parisian vices—whose multitude is legionary, and whose character attests at least the inventiveness of the French *ennuyé*—are diligently copied, so that if you will but convert social Paris to virtue, you will have a regenerated social France. Even the fashion which they have in Paris, which seems a fashion *en permanence*, of swindling every Englishman and American who goes there with mouth and pockets open and eyes shut, has penetrated to the 'primitive' rural towns; and the 'simple, honest folk' of remote Gironde or sea-girt Finisterre will

cheat you as glibly, with as smooth a face, as the blandest glove girl of the Rue de Rivoli.

A day's journey from the metropolis, there stands, close by a superb river, one of those musty old towns which boasts a prefect and a palace, a general and a mayor, and a polyglot population, Paris-worshippers to a man — perhaps we should say, to a woman, for the ladies of France are the blindest of all devotees, whether of religion or society. A musty, rickety, staggering old town, with streets full of drunken houses three centuries old, tumbling against one another, and eccentric ancient bridges, which, by a long contiguity to the river waves, have themselves become wavy and undulating, not at all safe to cross, yet remaining there because they are old, and the conservative folk won't desecrate them. An old town, nevertheless, which is wide awake to the fashions, and has its 'season,' its August races, its winter carnival, its periodical official fêtes and balls, like all other French mankind. On the 15th of August its cozy Parthenon-imitated theatre displays a conspicuous loyalty by a 'Vive l'Empereur!' emblazoned on its musty façade in laudatory gas, just under the armless and noseless row of muses which were propped atop there, they say, in the halcyon days of Cardinal Duc de Richelieu.

Here we found ourselves one bright crisp February day, intent on studying quaint manners and customs, curious to observe provincial French society, with plenty of time on our hands, and fortunately some acquaintance among the *beau monde* of this capital of 'primitives.' Antoine, whose acquaintance we had made one night at the Opéra Comique in Paris, where he had kindly helped us out of a squabble with an employé about our sea's, which, engaged a week beforehand, we found filled and overflowing by two fat old French dowagers, who had been guilty of 'bribery and corruption' to obtain them. Antoine was a native of R—, oscillated constantly between there and Paris, knew every soul in the place, was hand and glove, as well with the

'monde de la Prefecture,' as with the grumpy old Bourbon aristocracy. He devoted himself to us with that restless enthusiasm which a French host is apt to display on behalf of a foreign visitor. He showed us all the sights, drove us to all the neighbouring castle ruins and famous vineyards, procured us admission to private galleries, took a box for us at the theatre, and ordered for us at the principal restaurant a particularly elaborate banquet of dishes *du pays*. The provincial society, through his exertions, we revelled in to satiety. We saw all the provincial belles of the place, were gauged and ogled by all the matrons with eligible daughters, took dinner here and there *en famille*, and even penetrated to the gloomy old halls of the provincial Faubourg St. Germain, where we saw the portrait of Louis XVI. hung with crape, and that of Monseigneur the Count of Chambord festooned with the snow-white flag of Bourbon royalty. 'Mes amis,' said Antoine, one day, after we had 'done' everything in the place and its vicinity, 'we will go to the Prefect's ball. There you will see our society at its best. It is a quaint country reproduction of Haussman's balls at the Hôtel de Ville. It is as amusing as seeing "Hamlet" played by a strolling company, after having enjoyed Kean at the Princess's.' (Antoine had lived in England.) It was just what we wished; so our bustling little friend carried his overflowing politeness to the palace, and eloquently persuaded Monsieur the Prefect to send us cards of invitation. In a day or two the postman brought us two huge square envelopes, in which we found elegantly engraved cards, whose contents ran somewhat after this fashion:

'The Prefect of the Department of — and Madame de Mont-Cervin request the pleasure of the presence of Monsieur — at the Palace of the Prefecture, on the evening of February 17th at nine o'clock.

'On dansera.

'R. S. V. P.'

Baron Haussman's cards themselves are not more neat and sumptuous; everything in the style was *à la Paris*, even to the sending the invitations a fortnight before the night of the ball.

'You must dress,' admonished Antoine, 'with quite as much care and elaboration as if you were going to the Tuileries. Monsieur the Prefect is very particular.'

It was manifest, on the principal streets of the town, that among the ladyfolk at least the occasion was a great one. There was an immense amount of fluttering of dresses among the glove shops and milliners, the dressmakers and the fancy slipper shops. The fortunate ones could be distinguished from the slighted by the happy or disappointed expressions of the faces. The good dames of the provincial capital were as eager to receive *cartes* for the prefect's ball, as are those of Paris to be *invitées* to the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville. The wirepulling and intrigues set in motion to this end are manifold and original. For here, at the balls of the prefect, is the great matrimonial mart, whether in province or metropolis. Here it is that the thousand and one 'old campaigners' lay their traps for unsuspecting young gentlemen, who have, or promise to come into, fortunes and great *propriétés*. Here it is that the blooming young demoiselles of France are arrayed in all their glory, where their charms are forced by the keen artifice of the older female heads into their highest possible refulgence. Here are the fortune and title hunters—the victims and the victors of the great and holy institution of *mariages de convenances*; you might think yourself in a Turkish market for the sale of Circassian beauties, so freely and minutely are physiognomies and physical forms examined, and so shrewdly are the advantages of this or that young monsieur or mademoiselle weighed and compared. It is with many a dowager, yearning for a son-in-law, the last chance. Her *petites demoiselles* are getting *blasées*; every year it is becoming more difficult to conceal the intruding wrinkles, to hide the

increasing pinched appearance of the skin, to infuse a forced vivacity and a difficultly-acted youthful piquancy into the poor tired maids, hunted to death—alas! not by men, but by mammas—in the race after a husband and a permanent place in the great woman-world,—society. Last summer, at Trouville and Vichy, was a disheartening failure. Monsieur le Comte flirted with Mademoiselle Hortense most desperately—and jilted her. Young Piquot, the Paris merchant, was amazingly attentive, ever by the side of Louise, took her boating, taught her fishing, got up at dawn to play croquet with her—and had the insufferable impudence to propose to that red-haired girl from the neighbouring village in the very midst of it! These little untoward circumstances may not reach Paris—the Parisian dowager may forget them, and they may descend to oblivion amid the glitter and rush of Parisian pleasure. But such things reappear like ill-visaged phantoms to the dame of the provincial capital. Gossip, the fastest traveller and veriest Paul Pry there is in the frail human world, wafts every lightest story, every petty intrigue, from the great summer resorts to the country towns where live its victims; and the stories are gloated over with great gusto in the mansions where there are rival demoiselles to be 'settled,' and to whom every discomfiture of the enemy is as a sweet and pleasant savour. Rival 'old campaigner' takes good care that not a syllable of the story shall be lost as it goes the rounds; and even embellishes it, that it may have a readier hearing and a more fatal effect.

The night came, bright and clear, and we, arrayed strictly according to the code ceremonial, were ready promptly at the time appointed. The usually quiet streets were already noisy with the rumbling of carriages and cabs, which seemed to be in an amazing hurry to reach the palace, for what reason we soon learned. The faithful Antoine soon arrived with our own vehicle, and we, too, whirled rapidly on the stony thoroughfares, down long, narrow

winding old streets, anon through a pretty little old-fashioned square, along the river quays, until finally we came in sight of the prefecture itself. It was all ablaze with lights; a row of bright gas jets crossed the front of the long, white, tasteful edifice; over the gate was another illumination; while upon the façade there appeared a fiery illustration of the imperial heraldry of Napoleon III. The vehicles were already so many, that the long line of them, awaiting their turns, extended far up the street which led to the prefecture. Within there was truly a very inspiring 'sound of revelry by night'; and the figures of the guests, in official paraphernalia and the gaudy hues of the feminine toilet, betrayed themselves through the dazzlingly-lighted windows. While exercising the sublime quality of patience, in waiting to reach the door, Antoine was so kind as to give us some lessons regarding the customs of the ball. At last we drove up to the high, wide portal, gave our orders to *cocher*, and entered. There was a vast vestibule, with apartments on either side; at the upper end, a broad staircase, separating midway, two smaller flights leading right and left. The vestibule and staircase were adorned with high plants, flowers, shrubbery, and festoons leafy and floral. On one side of the vestibule the ladies, and on the other the gentlemen, laid aside hats and cloaks, giving them to some neatly-clad *bonnes*, who ticketed them and put them carefully away in cribs. When we reached the top of the broad staircase, we were stopped by a man in livery who sat at a little table with a huge book before him, and who, demanding our names, inscribed as we dictated. Then we ascended to the top, and found ourselves in a suite of apartments scarcely less magnificent or sumptuous than the reception rooms of the Tuileries itself. We entered the anteroom, in the middle of which was a fanciful and very unique arrangement of plants and flowers, rising in a kind of tasteful pyramid. Here we were confronted by a huge fellow in livery, as straight,

bulging, and crusty as possible, who, having taken our names, pompously marched to a high door, and with great dignity shouted them out. We were indignant, however, to hear each of our names atrociously mangled; especially my friend Jenkins, who started to hear himself announced to the prefect by something which sounded very like 'Monsieur Jackass.' In we walked, and found ourselves opposite a very sleek-looking, closely-shaved, gaudily-dressed gentleman—no less a person than Monsieur the Prefect. He was standing; and by his side, on a satin fauteuil, sat Madame la Préfète, a stately mass of perplexing circumambient lace and ribbons, with jewels winking at you from all over her head and arms, and a perfectly Parisian society smile of welcome. Monsieur was dressed in a blue coat, three-fourths hidden in broad eccentric silver lace, and was the very picture of a prosperous and not ill-natured official of consequence.

Our devoirs to host and hostess performed, we passed on into the dancing saloon, a long, superbly-garnished apartment, with musicians labouring frantically over their brass and catgut at the upper end. The chandeliers were supplied with innumerable wax candles, it being plebeian in France to use gas outside the kitchen and entries. Life-size portraits of Napoleon III. and Eugénie graced the walls, 'Donnée par S. M. l'Empereur,' as the panels were careful to tell you; the walls were richly gilded and corniced, adorned, not as the wealthy edifices of England are, with heavy oaken panellings and ceilings, but in that lighter and more gaudy style which, universal in French houses, is so typical of the national character itself.

The room was already crowded to suffocation, albeit it was but a few minutes past the invitation hour; the dancers could hardly move through their figures, and mademoiselle's attempts to glide gracefully and fascinatingly through the 'ladies' chain' were painfully balked by her bumping against some one at every curve. It was a

curious sight, this ball-room in the provinces. On the two long sides of the saloon were two rows of seats, one in front of the other, those against the wall being raised fauteuils, rising above the chairs in front. On this back row of raised fauteuils sat in all their majesty the aristocratic and wealthy dowagers of R—. So haughty and starch did they look, with their satin-lined opera-cloaks, their bejewelled eyeglasses, their grey hair arranged *à la mode*, and their rich lace caps disposed with matronly dignity, that they reminded one of the senate scene in 'Othello,' and seemed a bench of stern feminine judges, considering the pros and cons of holy matrimony. There they sat, the long line of shrewd old schemers, deeply intent on their game, acting the Gorgon to one young man and the would-be mother-in-law to another, according to circumstances. On the seat below each sat her blooming (natural and artificial) daughter or daughters, watched over by mamma with too-anxious care, exhibited in the matrimonial mart, and looking each her sweetest and modest with all her little might.

Now the reason why the carriages had been in such haste to reach the prefecture was clear. The old dowagers were running a race for the best seats. Just as the ambitious gardener or fruiterer will strain every nerve to secure the most prominent and accessible stall in the market where to display his carefully-prepared and tastefully-arranged stock, so did these 'old campaigners' of the province have their carriages at the door exactly at the stated moment, calculate to the nicety of a second how to arrive at the prefecture just long enough before the hour of invitation to enter the saloons as the clock strikes, and to lose no time in appropriating the most eligible seats for self and daughters, those most eligible seats being the ones most conspicuous and easiest of approach for *messieurs les messieurs*. This great point gained—and everybody knows how important it is for a general, military or social, male or female,

to have the choice of his ground—madame would enthrone herself aloft and her daughters would take the seats below her; and mamma would fix a ribbon here and a curl there, stooping from her eminence for the purpose, and would then lean back, and with her eyeglass take a deliberate survey of the general effect with an exhaustive *coup d'œil*. Thus the ladies, old and young, ensconced in a double row of seats, extending on either side the length of the room. The gentlemen are grouped together in a thick kaleidoscopic bunch near the door, kaleidoscopic because of the variety and gorgeousness of their apparel. They are absorbed in diligently ogling the double line of fair ones, in making out a mental list of partners, remarking to each other things complimentary and otherwise of the dear ladies, one saying, 'Mon Dieu! how lovely Mademoiselle D— is to-night;' another, 'Madame R— is more artistic than ever this evening; she has changed her *coiffure*, her cheeks are of a more delicate rose than usual;' another, 'There's that old Gorgon, la Baronne de la F—!' Mademoiselle might make a catch, had she not always that ugly old witch by her to petrify one, and so on. The orchestra strikes up and the bunch of the sterner sex breaks up and spreads along the row of seats, *carte des dances* in hand. Every gentleman has the right to ask any lady whom he chooses to dance, whether he knows her or not. Introductions are not *comme il faut*. The prudent man, however, he who is well versed in the manners of society, will first take the precaution to conciliate madame by asking her permission to ask mademoiselle for her hand in the next quadrille. Madame runs her eye rapidly over him, glances keenly at his face, and then, if the scrutiny is satisfactory, grants his petition. Ten to one she knows all about him, though his eyes may never have rested on her before; is well up in his antecedents; knows his fortune within a thousand; and could tell him off hand who his great-grandfather was. As he takes his place on the floor with made-

moiselle, Madame Gorgon keeps a never-wavering watch upon the couple. Every smile he gives her, every time he keeps a lingering grasp on her hand at the conclusion of a figure, every glance of one or other which may betray a growing fancy or be the accompaniment of a delicate compliment, all is noted by the 'old campaigner,' who sits and calculates, and hopes for a happy *dénouement* and marriage bells. If she is pleased with monsieur, he may safely linger by his partner's side after she has resumed her seat, and then madame listens with vast content to his graceful-murmured speeches, and builds her *châteaux en Espagne* higher and more beautiful than ever. Still, she never suffers them from her sight. If monsieur invites mademoiselle to take refreshment he must include madame also, and he presses through the throng with mamma and daughter on either arm. Nor will he dare to ask to be permitted to call on mademoiselle on the day succeeding the ball, to inquire after her health after so much excitement. His only chance to speak with her is at the ball itself. Even if he is really smitten, the charming *tête-à-tête* of a lover are denied him: he must hire him to a notary, and send him as ambassador to plead for him at the paternal hearthstone. So is the fashion regarding courtship and marriage in provincial France.

But the flirtations of the evening are not confined to bachelor messieurs and unprovided-for mademoiselles. For instance, Madame and Monsieur de L—— go to the ball simply and purely to get rid of each other. They are the natural result of *mariages de convenance*; they were married because he had a *de* to his name and a château in Normandy, and because she brought a *dot* of a hundred thousand francs a year. They don't hate or love each other, but each of them, after his and her fashion, loves somebody else. So madame and monsieur come to the ball and separate at the door; madame is in one corner of the room, listening to the flattery of her dear friend Marie's faithless spouse; monsieur is in the opposite

corner, bending over the young lady who was married last month, and whose husband in his turn has gone to Paris to flirt with somebody else. Husband and wife keep apart the whole evening; see each other's attentions elsewhere bestowed with the sublimest indifference; enjoy a delightful evening, and ride home, sitting as far apart from each other as possible in the carriage, and never utter a word from one end of the ride to the other. They are just the people to tell you that marrying for love is ridiculous twaddle, yet, think you, are they really happy? While the couples are dancing and the married folk are flirting, pass we through the brilliant saloon to a smaller apartment opening out of it, and we find ourselves in the refreshment-room. Here mostly the 'old buffers' congregate and are stationary, for their chief pleasure at the ball is eating and drinking. Generals with their gold lace, epaulettes, and broad breasts, a perfect firmament of stars and orders; the mayor, pompous and bedizened with an outrageously gaudy official costume, army officers and navy officers, sub-prefects and secretaries, foreign consuls and judges, are standing about in little knots, talking politics and the prospects of war, the last judicial scandal and the crops, meanwhile sipping Sillery and nibbling at the little fancy-shaped cakes and the *marrons glacés* peculiar to the art of the French *patissier*. We like the plan of giving the refreshments; it is to have a broad *buffet* at one end of the room, with a large table or counter, behind which stand liveried garçons to serve whomsoever is gastronomically inclined to whatsoever takes their fancy for the moment. The table itself is garnished with pyramids of fruit, fresh or conserved; with plates of sandwiches, hot rolls, and fancy cakes; with piles of oranges and grapes, and unique arrangements of symbolical candy. The wines, coffee, chocolate, ice-creams, and sherbets are served as they are called for, in their hottest or coldest state, as the article is: trays are constantly appearing with steaming *negus* and *porch*, as the

garçon announces with a stately roll of voice; champagne-bottles are popping right and left, and are emptied fast as little shoals of eager guests crowd up to receive a small share of the bubbling and fizzing nectar, while the more staid sherry and Chablis, St. Julien and madère are quietly passed around in small glasses at the further end. After the quadrille is over, the heated dancers crowd up to the buffet; panting and fair young demoiselles, as well as rubicund old dowagers, swallow glass after glass of punch and Carte blanche without so much as a wink. Then they rush out again, somewhat more than refreshed, and leave the land clear once more to what we may, not disrespectfully, term the 'steady' eaters and drinkers. Some there are, of not very high estate, who have succeeded in obtaining invitations to the ball by one stratagem and another, to whom the prefect's buffet is an annual feast, replete with delicacies quite unknown to them in every-day life. Such are clerks, and now and then a poor little Jew, or a half-famished medical student. These divide with the pompous old dignitaries above mentioned the permanent guardianship and privileges of the buffet: their hearts sink as the heated dancers pour in, and revive again as they tide out to resume their places on the floor. Meanwhile the resources of the buffet seem exhaustless; it continues to dispense unlimited wines, liquors, rolls, and what not, until, in the early hours, the company has gradually left silence reigning in the gorgeous halls.

There is another room, leading out of the dancing-saloon, where something of interest, by the faces of which we catch a glimpse there, seems to be going on. It is a snug

little room, richly furnished, and especially provided with a number of small tables. We enter and find it to be devoted to the exciting pastime of gambling. An innocent-looking young demoiselle glances in at the door, sees what is proceeding, smiles a pretty, not at all disapproving smile, and passes gaily on. There is flagrant, open vice at a fashionable ball, and innocent youth sees it, not blushing with shame, but greeting it with a smile! Such is society in provincial France, and such the example the elders give the rising generation. Even monsieur the curé is there, the physician of souls and the heaven-consecrated castigatör of evil manners, bending over the table, his pious eyes lit up with the keen, anxious glare of the spirit of gaming itself.

The prefect and his lady having passed round to greet their guests in person, this was the signal for the breaking up of the ball. Soon the carriages began to whirl, and the quiet old town once more echoed to the clattering of the horses and the tramp of the guests who preferred to return home on foot. The dowagers were, some, doubtless, content with the night's operations, and others, with as little doubt, mortified by one more failure. Mademoiselle put away her silks and laces for the next party, and for an interval the town resumed its wonted sleepiness and monotony. It was one more picture—this ball—of human society in these modern days; and it suggested reveries and comparisons between the new France and the old France of the Bourbon era. And we came away, not regretting that our own lot was cast among the less vivacious, but far more healthy customs of our Anglo-Saxon race.

GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.



PHASES OF LONDON SOCIETY.

A Clergy Bag.

MANY stories are related of sagacious tricks and witty
 In quadrupeds and bipeds, which have happened out of time;
 I've an anecdote to cap them—for it strikes me it's a pity
 If I cannot point a moral as I run along in rhyme.
 A sermonette on instinct could but weary, one supposes,
 And an essay zoological would more than dreary be;
 There's a hidden pow'r, however, as you'll find, in pointers' noses,
 If you'll listen to my story of the love of Lily Leigh.

I could gush for many minutes on her exquisite complexion,
 On the neatness of her chignon, and the glory in her eyes,
 On her wealth of crooked hair-pins, but I fancy, on reflection,
 That you'll meet my gush with groaning and my sauciness with sighs.
 'Tis enough that she was lovely, that she owned a heavy father,
 Dearest shot with a breech-loader, most irascible was he;
 And of course there was a lover—did she idolize him?—rather!
 Unbeknown to either parents did this naughty Lily Leigh.

And the lover he was sandy, pinky-cheek'd, and idiotic—
 Not a very bad description of all lovers in the Line;
 When officers are vacant, their stupidity erotic,
 With their want of conversation to win womankind combine.
 He was beautiful but heavy, but he idolized his shooting,
 And he left the noisy garrison and all its gaiety;
 For they asked him down to Norfolk, and the time at last was suiting
 For my hero to bag pheasants and the hand of Lily Leigh.

'Twas a morning in October, time for sandwiches and sherry—
 Twelve o'clock with eager sportsmen is a pleasant time to rest;
 And the Captain was out shooting with her father, who was merry,
 For he'd made a double right and left, and shot by far the best.
 'Now or never' is a maxim which no lover loses sight of,
 And the military sportsman seized the opportunity
 Of escaping at the luncheon, no one noticing the flight of
 The Adonis who was burning for the love of Lily Leigh.

Happy time, and happy lovers: for a sunny hour together
 They sat speechless—like all lovers—side by side and hand in hand;
 Never knowing that a pointer slipp'd the keepers and his tether,
 Which his master—Lily's father—saw but could not understand.
 On went pointer, on his master, panting eagerly to follow,
 Pleased with pocket-flasks of brandy and his dog's sagacity;
 On a sudden Ponto pointed, and his master gave a holla!
 For he saw the Captain's lips upon the hand of Lily Leigh.

Fine dramatic situation—wrathful sire and sheepish faces:
 Then the Captain looked at Lily—Lily looked upon the ground;
 But her father's look of horror changed to laughter-born grimaces
 When the secret of his pointer's eccentricity he found.
 First he kissed his wilful daughter, to the lovers gave his blessing,
 And he patted clever Ponto standing still with bended knee;
 And the Captain understood the father's rapture and caressing,
 For he spied a pheasant's breast upon the hat of Lily Leigh.

CLARENCE CAPULET.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

PHASES OF LONDON SOCIETY.

A Clever Dog.

MANY stories are related of sagacious tricks and witty
 In quadrupeds and bipeds, which have happened out of time;
 I've an anecdote to cap them—for it strikes me it's a pity
 If I cannot point a moral as I run along in rhyme.
 A sermonette on instinct could but weary, one supposes,
 And an essay zoological would more than dreary be;
 There's a hidden pow'r, however, as you'll find, in pointers' noses,
 If you'll listen to my story of the love of Lily Leigh.

I could gush for many minutes on her exquisite complexion,
 On the neatness of her chignon, and the glory in her eyes,
 On her wealth of crooked hair-pins, but I fancy, on reflection,
 That you'll meet my gush with groaning and my sauciness with sighs.
 'Tis enough that she was lovely, that she owned a heavy father,
 Dearest shot with a breech-loader, most irascible was he;
 And of course there was a lover—did she idolize him?—rather!
 Unbeknown to either parents did this naughty Lily Leigh.

And the lover he was sandy, pinky-cheek'd, and idiotic—
 Not a very bad description of all lovers in the Line;
 When officers are vacant, their stupidity erotic,
 With their want of conversation to win womankind combine.
 He was beautiful but heavy, but he idolized his shooting,
 And he left the noisy garrison and all its gaiety;
 For they asked him down to Norfolk, and the time at last was suiting
 For my hero to bag pheasants and the hand of Lily Leigh.

'Twas a morning in October, time for sandwiches and sherry—
 Twelve o'clock with eager sportsmen is a pleasant time to rest;
 And the Captain was out shooting with *her* father, who was merry,
 For he'd made a double right and left, and shot by far the best.
 'Now or never' is a maxim which no lover loses sight of,
 And the military sportsman seized the opportunity
 Of escaping at the luncheon, no one noticing the flight of
 The Adonis who was burning for the love of Lily Leigh.

Happy time, and happy lovers: for a sunny hour together
 They sat speechless—like all lovers—side by side and hand in hand;
 Never knowing that a pointer slipp'd the keepers and his tether,
 Which his master—Lily's father—saw but could not understand.
 On went pointer, on his master, panting eagerly to follow,
 Pleased with pocket-flasks of brandy and his dog's sagacity;
 On a sudden Ponto pointed, and his master gave a hollow!
 For he saw the Captain's lips upon the hand of Lily Leigh.

Fine dramatic situation—wrathful sire and sheepish faces:
 Then the Captain looked at Lily—Lily looked upon the ground;
 But her father's look of horror changed to laughter-born grimaces
 When the secret of his pointer's eccentricity he found.
 First he kissed his wilful daughter, to the lovers gave his blessing,
 And he patted clever Ponto standing still with bended knee;
 And the Captain understood the father's rapture and caressing,
 For he spied a pheasant's breast upon the hat of Lily Leigh.

CLARENCE CAPULET.



AN INCIDENT IN THE PHEASANT SEASON.

(See 'Pheasant of London Society'.)

1871
1872
1873
1874

1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880

1881
1882
1883
1884

1885

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

'I'll have you to know I'm a Girl of the Period,' said a young lady the other day (our authority is a London police report), preparatory to the administration of a black eye to a gentleman with whom she was disagreeing.

Truly the Girl of the Period is a great fact—a person to be appealed to as representing the spirit and dignity of her sex, even in classes of society among which black eyes are more or less privileged communications.

To be a Girl of the Period, in the accepted sense of the term, is evidently a very different thing from being a Girl of the Past. But what was the Girl of the Period a comparatively short time back? Nothing but an idea, lurking in the depths of the moral consciousness of a weekly essayist, and evolved therefrom merely because the editor wanted an article. The writer intended probably to write as good an article as he—should we say she?—could out of a good subject, but one not more notable than hundreds of others that are forgotten in a fortnight. He finds himself the Frankenstein of a social monster that will not be repressed. He stands confessed as the cause of some of the most absurd talk of society, some of the worst jokes in the burlesques, and the creation of a new branch of literature and art. For the Girl of the Period has publications devoted more or less to herself, and literature and art which she may fairly claim as her own.

It is certainly a sign of the times to be noted—this new department of satire. Satire is supposed to be impossible without some kind of foundation. There can be no smoke without fire. But surely never was known so much smoke with so little fire as in this monstrous creation of the Girl of the Period. Satirists have seldom been exactly the moralists—they have generally been rather the sportsmen of literature. People who shoot folly as

it flies do not uniformly level their weapons in abhorrence of the game. There was a great deal of the sportsman in Horace, a great deal more in Juvenal; and in Pope and in Churchill we see the same signs. A gentleman who goes out with his gun does so with no feeling of dislike to the grouse or the pheasants. His object is the personal gratification of proving his skill. His last thought is a desire to exterminate the birds; on the contrary, his wish is to preserve them for his own purposes. So it is with satirists. Without their game they can have no existence; and if they make too short work of it their occupation is gone. But it is one thing to preserve game and another thing to create it; and the sportsmen who find sport in the Girl of the Period have certainly been obliged to invent a great deal.

I do not mean to say that the original author drew the Girl of the Period entirely from his imagination. There were girls of the kind going about; and by selecting from many models, as the great sculptor did for his Venus, the representative girl was produced. There was just enough foundation to make the fun effective; and as far as the fun went the hit was fair enough. As for the moralizing, it was mere claptrap; and nobody, I fancy, could be better aware of the fact than the author himself. In its serious aspect the article took no hold upon the public; it was as a humorous caricature only that it made its mark.

This was all very well, and had well been left alone, the Girl of the Period would never have been heard of in her present notorious character. But it is not in periodical literary and artistic nature to allow any one man to have so promising a jest all to himself. The journals, serious and comic; the magazines, heavy and light; publications of every class, including, I think, religious and me-

dical papers;—all rang the changes upon the unhappy Girl of the Period. The artists meanwhile set to work and invested her with an outward form. The costume and general make-up which they assigned to her was then something quite new. It had originated, I believe, in some of the boldest of the French illustrated journals—notably the '*Vie Parisienne*'—where it was intended to caricature the stage dresses of certain actresses, and the tendency to a similar style in private life among some of the free-and-easiest classes in the French capital. Some of its characteristics had, to be sure, been adopted in general society; and here in England—where our fashions always run into extremes and outstrip those of the French in the rage for novelty—the girls had certainly become of the hat, hatty, and of the boot, booty—had a tendency to wild *coiffures*, and abused the privilege which chignons have of being worn on the top of the head. The 'crinoline, too, had just gone out, and its former wearers were just succeeding in finding a style of skirt which made its absence almost as ridiculous as its presence. The representations of the Girl of the Period of course exaggerated all these peculiarities, and with a result which anybody who has ever observed the effect of satire upon fashions might easily have foreseen. When Rowlandson and Gillray caricatured the statuesque costume—consisting of a tight skirt and a loose corsege, as far as there was any of the latter at all—which was prevalent at the beginning of the century, their satirical pencils, so far from diminishing the absurdity, rather increased it; and if the fashion stopped at a certain point of exaggeration it was simply because it could not go beyond. When '*Punch*' performed the same service for the crinolines, did the jester succeed in lessening their circumference by an inch? On the contrary, again the hoops grew larger and larger; and the more folly became associated with fashion the more did the folly increase. The broad skirts went out as the narrow

skirts had gone out before them—simply when they had run their course—when their leading wearers grew tired of them, or were coerced by their milliners into making a change.

The original caricatures of the Girl of the Period were caricatures indeed. Nobody dressed in the style depicted any more than they deputed themselves in the manner described. I refer here more particularly to one illustrated journal which gave itself up early to picturing 'the period' as supposed to be represented by the young ladies of the day; and the representations of this periodical have been even exaggerated by the one which now devotes itself to the subject. Hats were small and chignons were large, dresses were short and heels were high, and the opportunities for satire were many. But nobody saw such persons as those introduced to us by the artists, and nobody had heard of proceedings on the part of any body of ladies such as were described by the writers. But a change has been taking place for many months past, and it is notable as illustrating the kind of influence which satire may exercise. The girls of the day are dressing more and more like their caricatures; and so keen is the competition between the romance and the reality that the artists seem driven to their wits' end to get in advance.

When the journals alluded to first betook themselves to drawing comedy from the present costumes, the prototypes of the girls they pictured were to be found only in burlesques. I mean burlesques at the theatres, when the Christmas and Easter pieces gave us Girls of the Period to an extent calculated not only to 'make the judicious grieve,' but to make those abstract persons execrate, and conduct themselves in a generally unpleasant manner. But who can say now that the satire is in excess of the subject—that the fun is in advance of the fact? Go anywhere where young ladies assemble, or did assemble during the season:—in the parks, in the public gardens, including, of course,

the 'Zoo'; in private houses and in private grounds, where kettle-drums and croquet are the order of the day;—and ask yourself candidly if the illustrated periodicals misrepresent the costumes prevalent at such places. You will admit, I think, that they hold the mirror up to fashionable nature, show the *mode* its own image, and act the part of a censor who has been welcomed as a friend and received into the bosoms of families with a confidence worthy of a better cause. And not only do hardened girls in their third and fourth seasons incline themselves to such supposed attractions, but blushing *débütantes* array themselves in similar style, and consider sensation costume as a matter of course.

There was a time which we have all heard of, though some of us may not remember, when young ladies of the age at which elaborate coiffures and costumes of Japanese tendencies are now considered necessities, wore obsolete things called 'pinafors' and played with such obsolete things as hoops, and were supposed to be subjected to the comprehensive process of being 'whipped and sent to bed' when they were not good. Who would dare to associate such play and such processes with juvenile girls of the present day? Times change and we change with them, some of us at least, and they must feel strange who are not one of the number. The old girls must astonish them not a little, but the young girls must astonish them a great deal. The change is pretty to look at; Watteau's and Boucher's pictures are pretty to look at, but the result is strange to regard in real life. There is a great deal more 'taste,' we are told, in these days than in other days. It may be so in a certain sense; but girls always looked pretty, and always made men fall in love with them: admiration is as old as the hills and marriage by no means a new institution. So the same results were obtained without resort to the present process; and against the present process there is good ground for protesting, at least in its exaggerated form. *Modes*—I

VOL. XVI.—NO. XXV.

mean in the milliner sense of the term—change from time to time, but there are certain standards which must always prevail, and excesses of any kind should be avoided. Look at the consequences of inattention to this principle. You are madly in love with a girl who is conspicuously in the fashion. A few years hence and her portrait, so arrayed, becomes a caricature. Rowland or Gilray could not have made her more ridiculous than she appears to a differently-educated eyesight; and even as depicted by Leech—in whose time there was very little eccentricity in dress—she is beginning to look strange. It is a mistake, you may depend upon it, to carry fashions into great extremes. In the East women wear the same style of dress that they wore thousands of years ago. Their fashions never change; yet they are as attractive as they ever were, and in the East women are as influential as in the West, however little their influence may be recognised and avowed. Our own countrywomen would hold the same place here that they do without being Girls of the Period, and it may be a great deal more, to judge by signs which promise to be in the ascendant. And by being Girls of the Period, and nothing more, they give an opportunity to gloomy women, whom nobody cares for, to go about lecturing and bothering about 'women's rights,' and assuming a superiority which is by no means to be taken for granted. There are just as clever girls as these in general society who would be *thought* just as clever if they would not make geese of themselves; but if they give themselves up to following, and never think of leading, and become slaves to the caricaturists, they must not be surprised if society accepts them at their own valuation and believes them to be no better than they seem.

My idea of the origin of the Girl of the Period is, you see, strictly Platonic; and while I write these lines I find that M. Nestor Roqueplan, in a curious book that he has just published under the name of 'Parisine,' assigns a similar cause

for the existence of the typical student and grisette of the French capital. The world of the Quartier Latin—the Pays Bohème—he tells us, was created by the imagination of song-writers and romancers, more especially, among the latter, Henri Murger; and the students who are supposed to be types of their class were creations upon the slightest possible basis. Very ordinary young men, who were simply endeavouring to combine study with pleasure, read the works so specially addressed to them, and endeavoured, with more or less success, to live up—or shall we say down?—to the ideal. In the same manner Beranger, and a few of his followers in verse or prose created the grisette, the little work-girl who spends her hard earnings in such simple pleasures, and is so innocent that she can never see the harm of having a lover, even in the most extended and French sense of the term, so that she is sufficiently fond of him and he is sufficiently fond of her. There have been Lizettes, doubtless, but to discover them one must be more or less a Beranger. Failing the imagination of the poet or the romancer, it is certain that you might go a great deal about the Quartier Latin without finding a Lizette, any more than you would find any such romantically dissipated students in law and medicine as are described in the local literature, to say nothing of such glorious Bohemians as Marcel, Shaugnard, or Rodolphe. If such types ever existed they have disappeared, and the world of Murger has no more existence than the world of Watteau, or the world which is peopled by shepherds and shepherdesses in Dresden china. The stage, it need scarcely be remarked, has had a great deal to do with keeping up the popular delusion with regard to such states of existence, and fiction generally must exercise an enormous influence upon reality.

That the Girl of the Period exists in outward form—the form ascribed to her by the caricaturists—is, as we have said, apparent to the eye in any public place. She may, too, be found here and there in the

spirit as well as in the flesh, or, to speak more correctly, the costume. But there have always been girls who liked to do as they pleased, and pleased to do unlike other people, as there are bold spirits in every rising generation who are in advance of their age; and a few of these, who in dress and in manner would have been more pronounced than their neighbours under any conditions, have taken a direction from the popular satire and realised to a great extent the ideas of the writers and artists aforesaid. So it is that the Girl of the Period, existing in form wherever the *mode* makes its way, and in spirit among the few whose natural 'go' gives them the position of leaders, has become a fact. But she is a fact only as far as fashion is concerned. When the writers and the artists have exhausted her, and her milliners have gone the round of every monstrosity on her behalf, she will be taken as a matter of course. And when that time comes—when she ceases to make a sensation—I need scarcely say that she will disappear. The exaggerations of the present costume will go as crinoline went before them; and who can imagine a Girl of the Period—of the character ascribed to her—without these accessories? Some other eccentricities of fashion may sooner or later take their place, but the immediate reaction will probably be in favour of simplicity, and the Girl of the Period will be heard of no more.

In the mean time it may be useful to note that the creation of this monster has not been without its effect. Not only have the more advanced satirists—literary and pictorial—of the Continent changed their long traditional type of the *blonde mûse* of Albion, and depicted her in the most daring and pronounced colours, but the original article upon the subject in our Saturday contemporary has been translated into Marathi and other languages of India, and reproduced in the native journals with comments by no means of a congratulatory kind. 'You English, who have made yourselves our rulers,' say these writers, 'pro-

less to be our superiors, not only intellectually but morally, and you especially condemn us for the domestic relations which we maintain towards our women, whose condition in the Zenana you wish to exchange for the freedom which you give to females in your own country. You wish to educate and enlighten our wives and daughters upon the model of your own, and you send benevolent ladies among us to persuade us to accept your views' (alluding to the visit of Miss Carpenter); 'but what is the result of the education and enlightenment of your ladies? One of your leading reviews has told us. And we,

who wish to keep our wives and daughters dutiful and domestic, will have nothing to do with your teachings.'

The conclusion is an awkward one, and not easy to deal with. It would no doubt be too much to expect that a London journalist, whenever he wished to write a sensational article, should be bound to consider its possible effect upon the natives of Bombay or Bengal. But it is well perhaps to remember that, when we make charges against ourselves, a great many foreigners, Asiatic as well as European, are very apt to believe us.

HENRY PARRY LIDDON AND ANGLICAN ORATORY.

WHAT is the exact position which preaching at the present day occupies in the 'world and the church?' The critics and cynics say that the noun substantive 'sermon' is the most dreary and repellent of all noun substantives, and, as a rule, society is very much disposed to endorse such an expression of opinion. When the silly season of the 'Times' sets in, laymen often seem disposed to repay to the clergy a titling of those denunciations under which they themselves have groaned. One such writer ingeniously suggests that the sounding-board of the pulpit should be constructed like an extinguisher, and by a process of machinery should descend upon the pastor's head at the end of twenty-five minutes. Another considerably proposes that Westminster Abbey should be handed over to the permanent use of Mr. Spurgeon. Another insists that sermons should be confined to ten minutes; that it should be allowable to the congregation to withdraw before they commence; or, happiest expedient still, that the effete institution of sermons should be totally abolished. We believe that this is the object practically sought by those who would assign very curt limitations to the sermon. The question of short sermons is, however, distinct from

the doctrine of no sermons at all. The clergy sometimes, but much too rarely, preach very short sermons indeed, and we do not see why the practice should not be indefinitely extended. The Abbé Mullois, who is a great authority in France on such matters, argues that sermons of seven minutes' duration might suffice in a very great number of instances. Some of Dean Stanley's sermons—take the volume of those which he preached before the Prince of Wales—can be read in three minutes, and could be heard in five. Archdeacon Denison says that his sermon never exceeds ten minutes. Some of Mr. Kingsley's sermons are hardly a shade longer. The sermons preached in college chapel—sometimes and with too much reason called 'commonplaces'—rarely if ever exceed ten minutes, and if they did there would probably be a college row. It would be a great accommodation to the public if a list of London churches could be issued where it would be guaranteed that the length of the sermon should not exceed from seven to ten minutes. We suspect that those churches would be much better attended than those where the incumbents slip over their half-hour. In fact, there is hardly any limit to the possible brevity which may belong to the sermon. If the

divine simply wishes to make a little exhortation or give some sound religious advice, he can do so in a very brief space, sometimes the briefer the better. We have heard of a sermon which was hardly any longer than its text. The preacher took the wise saying in the Proverbs about giving to the poor and lending to the Lord, and then only said, 'My brethren, you have heard the terms of the loan, if you like the security, come down with your money.' This veracious anecdote closes with the assertion that the collection which ensued was of the most triumphant description. But while a merely practical or hortatory discourse might be included within a very few minutes, it is obvious that a line of argument or a course of instruction would require an ampler allowance of time.

It is also generally asserted—with a solid substratum of truth—that the length of a sermon is in inverse proportion to its excellence. The clever remark of Dr. South is continually being repeated, that he had written a long sermon because he had not time to write a short one. There are limits, however, even to the power of condensation. Not even Dr. South could materially abridge a proposition of Euclid's or the Binomial Theorem. It would perhaps be about as difficult to abridge Butler or Barrow. A great deal of time is unnecessarily consumed in extemporary preaching and perhaps an equal amount by extemporary writing. Perhaps, if we could venture to be generous and candid, it would not be difficult to show that a portion of the blame might equally be divided between the preachers and the public. The public can stand contentedly a frightful amount of twaddle in parliament, on the platform, and in the law-courts, but they are utterly intolerant of what they may choose to consider half an hour's twaddle in the pulpit. We are bound to say that we never, or at least very rarely, hear downright twaddle talked in the pulpit. We get much verbiage, poor illustrations, thin, inconsequent reasonings; or sometimes the discourse is a mere cento

of heats, with desultory, ill-arranged remarks thereon. But the sermon has generally a meaning and always a good purpose, and it is odd if there is no crumb at all worth carrying away. We are afraid that George Herbert's old-fashioned consolation will hardly in these days be accepted; that if we get a lesson in patience, and the benediction that comes at the end of the sermon, we have hardly lost our pains. The reason of the weariness felt frequently is that people really do not care about the subject-matter of the sermon. It is like picture-criticism for those who do not care for pictures, or music-criticism for those who do not care for music. In many congregations many persons resemble schoolboys puzzling over authors whose meaning they do not understand. Such persons are not the best judges of the limit of time within which a preacher should confine himself. The instances of the University sermons, both at Oxford and Cambridge, sufficiently prove that it is possible for pulpit orators to rivet the attention of cultivated audiences for upwards of an hour. We do not mention the case in Scotland, which we confess imperfectly to comprehend—where congregations consider themselves defrauded if they get off with much less than that time. Without in the least degree vindicating the use of long sermons, and thinking strongly that most sermons might well be abbreviated, we believe that there are circumstances and conditions under which long sermons could hardly be avoided, and in the interests of public education it is undesirable that they should.

A contrast is sometimes drawn between the French and English pulpit very much to the disadvantage of the latter. We noticed such a contrast in a recent number of the '*Pall Mall*.' The French carefully avoid the error of mixing up preaching, almonry, and the confessional. They choose their best men for preaching, and assign them, temporarily, positions in which they are to do their very best. Hence we get the Conferences and such brilliant examples as Père Felix and

Lacordaire. The French preacher makes preaching his business, and he does it well. The English preacher has an infinite variety of other business to do, and he does it execrably. He resembles the hero of the Homeric fragment—

'Many things he did, but none he did well,
Him the gods made neither a fisher nor a hunter.'

He is obliged, on every hebdomadal occasion, whatever his inner feelings may be, to be devotional and hortatory. He has to give the inevitable sermon, in the conventional manner, at the regulation length. He has not got the moral courage to limit his sermons to ten minutes, if that will include all that he has really got to say, or to confess himself unprepared and read aloud the sermon of some better man, or to have a system of exchange with neighbouring clergymen, which would enable him to write fewer and better sermons. The clergyman is surrounded with many secular influences: he is frequently little better than a relieving officer. He has to carry tracts to old women and play at croquet with young ladies. In fact he is always fetching and carrying, after the fashion of a tame poodle. He has little time for that broad, generous culture which is necessary for excellence in any special culture. He who knows nothing but theology will be a very poor theologian indeed. Yet, after all, we are by no means disposed to admit that the real superiority rests with the French preacher; we question if the services at *Nôtre Dame* and the *Madeleine* are better attended than those at the Abbey and at St. Paul's Cathedral, although in these the same discrimination in the choice of preachers does not seem to exist, neither is the same high standard of excellence maintained. The churches in France are practically given over to women and children, but this is not yet the case in our own country. The country church is still filled by all the respectable families of a neighbourhood. Dean Hook mentions some sharp fellow who was in the habit of making himself extremely witty

in the periodicals at the expense of the clergy; but finding an opportunity of convincing himself of his own utter incompetence for public speaking, has since repentantly declared that he will never do so again. The 'Saturday Review' has occupied its readers with an appalling enumeration of the number of sermons preached every week in England. After stating the average number of thousands it proceeds to meditate on the frightful amount of bad preaching, verbiage, and wasted power suggested by such statistics. It would be easy, however, to give a much more appalling calculation. Only imagine the immense number of dinners that are cooked every day in the British isles, with the waste, excess, and bad cookery connected with them. Yet it would not be easy to convince an Englishman that he ought to omit a dinner in order to lessen that appalling average. In the same way so rooted is the sermon in popular habits that it would not be easy to induce the average congregation to do without it. Moreover, as a man cannot recollect any particular day what he had for dinner, but is quite sure that the dinner did him good, so the average Christian, though he cannot recollect what the sermon was about, is sure that it was a good influence that helped to keep him in good ways.

Yet it may be admitted that in several respects the influence of the pulpit is a declining influence. Popular preaching is not now what it once was. We remember the time when everybody seemed to have a pet parson and a pet doctor. But now there is a great deal of unbelief both in parsons and in doctors. We remember the time when it was popularly said that Mr. Melvill, Dr. McNeill, and Canon Stowell were the three greatest orators of the Anglican Church. Yet no one now goes out into the wilderness—that is, to Barnes—to hear Mr. Melvill; and we have heard the late Canon Stowell almost hooted down by an unsympathising clerical audience; and we confess we have listened with considerable disappointment to the

'great and good' MacNeile. It may be said, and with truth, that the men had changed from what they had once been. But the times have changed also. Mr. Melvill's gorgeous mannerism, with its rhetoric and its ornamentation, is now out of date. Mr. Melvill has much better merits than these, and we have no doubt but future critics will seek for the best specimens of pulpit eloquence in volumes of his sermons. They contain passages absolutely unsurpassed in English literature for eloquence and force. But the public taste now prefers a simpler, rugged, and more sincere style. When Melvill used to preach, the church or chapel would be absolutely besieged. The steps of the altar and the pulpit stairs would be covered with clustering human zoophytes, and the orator could scarcely make his way to and from the vestry. There is no copyright in sermons, and an enterprising publisher would print Mr. Melvill's as fast as they were delivered. We have seen similar scenes in Scotland when Mr. Caird, years ago now, would leave his Highland parish to preach in Glasgow or Edinburgh. Such scenes are now very rarely paralleled in England. Cheap literature has had a very great deal to do with this. A hundred subjects of intellectual interest are now generally discussed, and in London life these subjects are treated with peculiar intensity. If you would wish to know what the full power of the sermon can be, you should observe it in dissenting congregations in Wales and Cornwall. There they like their sermons hot and strong, and they certainly get them hot and strong. The sermon is there everything to a highly excitable and imaginative people—poetry, literature, gossip, criticism, the drama, and what not. It is the one great intellectual stimulus of the week. Their cravings for intellectual pleasure can hardly be satisfied in any other way than this. Londoners have hardly got an idea of all that a sermon may be capable of being and effecting.

Yet surely Mr. Liddon might give them such an idea. We have heard

Dean Stanley remark—and we fully endorse the remark—that he is the greatest preacher of the age. But it is not too much to say that if Mr. Liddon were not recognised as a great orator, he would be more widely acknowledged to be a great writer. He contradicts the shallow criticism that the great objection to the sermon is the objection on the score of length. Whoever goes to hear Mr. Liddon preach makes up his mind that he is going to listen to a sermon of at least an hour's duration. 'On the evening of Good Friday, last year, 1868, the author heard the Rev. A. P. Liddon, at St. Paul's, and listened to him with unabated interest for an hour and twenty minutes.' Thus writes Mr. Binney, an eminent Nonconformist minister, who has himself written a volume of sermons or essays of a very high degree of excellence. Moreover, his sermons are by means of that merely hortatory character which might wisely be compressed within a few minutes, albeit, by weak preachers they are often spun out to any conceivable limits. We observe that when Mr. Liddon comes to publish his sermons, he includes some passage or other within brackets, as being necessarily omitted at the time of delivery.

Mr. Liddon draws together such an audience as rarely excites the interests or anxiety of an orator. The announcement that he is to preach anywhere is one that widely excites curiosity and interest. A college don, Mr. Liddon has no regular charge, and he ordinarily reserves himself for great occasions, for cathedral or other preaching of the highest importance. The writer of this paper has travelled sixty miles to hear Mr. Liddon preach, and probably many persons have had a similar experience. Long before the hour of service commences, the cathedral or church is densely packed. If the admission is by ticket, the tickets have been disposed of days before, and hardly any amount of interest is sufficient to obtain one. On these occasions the clergy number very largely. The white ties and black coats are scattered everywhere about, includ-

ing many of the most eminent clergy of the day, and at times various of our most eminent prelates. Many other eminent men are gathered together, eminent in politics, in literature, in science, and art. The people are there in their thousands, with an enormous preponderance of the educated classes. Mr. Liddon's great reputation commenced with the high church party; but since that it has grown familiar to every educated man, and is fast fermenting the great masses of our population. There is an indefinable thrill of emotion amid the vast crowd that assembles to hear words of truth and teaching from a great man—a contagion of emotion belonging to the hour and the scene. With a quiet, rapid tread the preacher makes his way to the pulpit. With a natural, earnest gesture he at once buries his face in his hands to pray. When he fairly faces you, you are at once impressed with his striking and somewhat monastic appearance. Very probably he at once impresses you irresistibly with his likeness to St. Augustine in Ary Scheffer's celebrated picture of Augustine and Monica. The impression deepens upon you if you have ever been a student of Augustine's, as you follow the chain of the discourse, and think you grow better acquainted with the orator. For a moment you might fancy that there was a monk before you. The impression is helped by the rapid and almost imperceptible act of adoration with which Mr. Liddon accompanies every mention of the Name. There is a basis for this impression in the fact, which we have heard stated on the best authority, that Mr. Liddon has spent years in studying preaching as it is on the Continent, and has formed himself on the best models in France and Italy. When you hear such a preacher as Mr. Lyne—Brother or Father Ignatius as he is called—you see merely the external mannerism and the imitated costume of the monk. But Mr. Liddon, disregarding mere externals, reproduces what is best in great Catholic orators, what is deepest founded in the deepest sense of humanity—the

passion, the tragedy, the will, the emotions of mankind. We think that it was something in this way that Fénelon preached in the Cathedral of Cambrai, or that Bossuet thundered in the chapel of Versailles. Mr. Liddon need shrink from no comparison with contemporary foreign eloquence. He is essentially our Lacordaire or Père Felix.

Almost in his first sentence we see the essential character of his oratory. His manuscript is by his side, but he is almost liberated from the chains which a manuscript imposes. He almost knows it by heart, and he declaims it in a grand but a peculiar kind of declamation. It is very remarkable how the greatest pulpit orators of the day are men who read their sermons, which is certainly contrary to the general idea and to ordinary experience. This was the case with such renowned pulpit orators as Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Melvill. The Bishop of Oxford is skilled in both plans, but seems to prefer the manuscript. The Bishop of Peterborough is strictly extemporary. Mr. Caird compounds, by learning his sermons off by heart. It is utterly impossible, the human mind being constituted as it is, that any sermon such as Mr. Liddon's could be spoken in extemporary sentences. You might as well expect a man to speak in lyrics or in epigrams. Those sermons have evidently been polished and repolished to the last degree of point and finish. This is an advantage which you may have with the written but cannot have with the extemporized discourse. It is easy to see that Mr. Liddon's sermons have had an amount of thought and elaboration bestowed upon them which, in these days of swift writing and speaking, is, unfortunately, extremely rare. The leading characteristic of his oratory is the uniform high pressure of his impassioned speech. So to speak, there are no eminences or depressions in his oratory. He hardly ever slackens and then puts on speed. There is almost a monotony of eloquence. It is the equable speed

and rush of the express train. The eye is kindled, the head thrown back as a war-horse; you detect the nervous, sinewy clutch of the fingers. No sooner have you been startled and attracted by the vivid original manner of the speaker than some modern name or allusion, some clear and trenchant thought seizes your attention, and at once brings you fairly abreast with some religious controversy of the time. As he clenches some argument or summarizes some analysis with a keen remorseless logic, for a moment the face becomes illumined with a smile of thankful triumph. That noted electric link that exists between orator and auditory is touched and thrilled, and the speaker feels that he is carrying with him the convictions as well as the hearts of his hearers. There is a pause—only too slight—before the preacher branches into another section of his subject. The mind is at extreme tension as you attempt to follow the course of the argument through those terse, glittering, incisive sentences, which follow so keenly and swiftly, like the steps of a mathematical demonstration. Presently that reasoning of the 'severe impassioned' order has reached its climax. Hitherto he has been logical, but he is now slightly rhetorical. To use the Greek image, the closed fist is relaxed into the open palm. The orator now turns to the practical part of his subject and its peroration. If up to this point he has sought to convince the reason, he now concentrates his efforts on piercing the heart. There is some touch of exquisite pathos, of heart-stirring appeal, as when last Easter Day, at St. Paul's, he quoted the lines from the 'Lyra Apostolica':

'And with the morn, those angel-faces smile,
That we have loved long since, and lost ere-
while.'

And very probably the final peroration is thrown into the form of simple earnest prayer to the Deity, with an effect of awe and sublimity almost impossible to be described.

As the congregation issues forth from the church or cathedral portals

—and it is long before such masses are broken up—on every side you hear eager discussion of the sermon. There is no doubt, in the first place, but the preacher has supplied his auditory with an immense intellectual stimulus. On the oratorical question there is, we think, no doubt; but great as the effect has been it would have heightened if the manuscript had been absent. We have been assured by an eminent dignitary, who had the rare good fortune of hearing Chalmers preach an extemporary sermon; that the effect considerably transcended even the immense effect of his written orations. This might have been the case with Chalmers, whose sermons, after all, are somewhat too expanded and verbose; but such a mode of address could hardly co-exist with the literary and dialectic skill of Mr. Liddon. After you have heard Mr. Liddon preach you find considerable difficulty in reconstructing even the skeleton (to use that Simonian word) of his discourse. You remember many a striking phrase, apt illustration, powerful appeal, but your attention has been so overpoweringly absorbed by the magnificent oratory, by the rush of vivid musical language, that you would willingly listen again untiringly to the sermon, or would desire to read it over quietly again and again. When you really come to read it in print, you perceive how closely it is articulated into divisions and subdivisions, which the preacher omitted in the preaching, probably because in the lapse of time the system of divisions has grown somewhat pedantic and old-fashioned. With most popular preachers the sermon dies in its birth, and is lost into thin air. But in the delivery of Mr. Liddon's sermon is only comprised a sectional part of its office. Mr. Liddon is now a considerable theological writer. We have his large volume of the 'Bampton Lectures,' a volume of University sermons, various scattered sermons, and we have the intimation that another volume of sermons will be shortly forthcoming. Multitudes who do not

know him as a preacher know him as an author. In sacred authorship he occupies a very peculiar and distinctive place.

His first volume of sermons was originally entitled 'Some Words for God.' In deference to friendly criticism Mr. Liddon withdrew that title, and substituted the indistinctive title of 'University Sermons.' We rather regret this, because the original title gave an idea of the leading characteristic of all Mr. Liddon's written oratory. To him it is emphatically given that he should contend earnestly for the faith, and meet the shifting forms of mental conflict and doubt. He is an Athanasius; if necessary, an *Athanasius contra mundum*. He has the keenest sympathy with all the stir and movement of the contemporary intellectual life of Europe. He is fully abreast; more than that, he is often in advance of the thought and philosophy of the day. He clearly discovers wherein lies the true stress and brunt of the religious battle of our time, and does not disguise from himself that the real issue is with sheer atheism and profligacy. In a noble sermon preached this summer in St. James's, Piccadilly, he says: 'It seems to me that Roman Catholic and Protestant Dissenters must agree with members of the English Church so far as to admit that our deepest differences are insignificant in presence of a dreary materialism which utterly ignores the other world.' There is something intensely vivid and life-like in the mode in which Mr. Liddon meets the seething religious and ethical opinions of the day. He reproduces, exactly at the right moment, the thoughts which are uppermost in the minds of thinking men, and finding expression in the more serious and earnest of current publications. As we follow him from sermon to sermon, it is not difficult to detect the various intellectual tendencies of his sermons—to see at one point how he is combating some of the opinions of Mr. Mill, and at another how he has risen fresh from the perusal of the writings of Mr. Lecky; how, again, he is combating the

English forms into which the French system of Comte has thrown itself, and how, again, he is meeting the latest German rationalists before their newest errors have become naturalized in England; once more, how he is crystallizing vague floating thought and difficulties on sacred subjects, or combating the full tide of secular opinion as found in such periodicals as the 'Pall Mall Gazette' or the 'Saturday Review.' To any one who, in these days of turmoil and unrest, is dissatisfied and unhappy on those ultimate problems which must beset the mind of any thinking man, we would earnestly recommend the writings of Mr. Liddon, whether, as in the 'Bampton Lectures,' he makes a systematic and scientific exposition of orthodox truth and its counterfeits or opposites, or whether, as in his occasional sermons, he meets the desultory and guerilla attacks which are often best met by a similar system of defence.

There is sometimes greater audacity, sometimes a more familiar vein of reference and allusion, than some persons might think befitting the dignity and tranquil atmosphere of the pulpit. But there are times in which *frappez vite et frappez fort* is the general motto. There is undoubtedly a subtle spirit of the age which he ought to be able to apprehend and seize, if he would truly meet its wants and necessities. The great secret of Mr. Liddon's power and influence is that he so thoroughly comprehends and meets the special characteristics, difficulties, peculiarities of the present time. As truly as Socrates has brought down philosophy into common life, does Mr. Liddon, who is often Socratic in his method, bring all details of life into a religious reference. It would be easy to adduce isolated passages of that bold, familiar way in which Mr. Liddon treats many subjects. We may refer to a few such passages, but we deeply feel that the reader ought to repeatedly peruse and make a careful analysis of a sermon of his before he can form an adequate idea of the consummate art and ability with which

it is characterized. Here is a home-thrust at the periodical literature which is adverse to religious truth: 'Look around and mark the varieties of intellect which enter in various ways into this conflict with religion. There is, first of all, mercenary intellect. This intellect writes or talks at the rate of so much per annum, and one given understanding. "You take so much, and you write up that minister, you advocate that line of policy, you denounce this institution, attack that theory, you blacken that public man." "Done." Necessity, it may be said, knows no law; and there is an inexpressibly sad proverb about poverty to the effect that it cannot afford to have a conscience. We need not care to examine that saying too narrowly. Some of us, perhaps, have known cases in which really noble souls have bent to a degradation from which they shrank in secret agony, and from which, long ago, they would have torn themselves away if the comfort and even the life of others had not been dependent on their sad, unworthy toil. Gladly, indeed, would I here be silent. But sometimes this hired intellect, in bondage to sharp necessity, or to the mere spirit of gain, passionately asserts its monopoly of freedom. It even tells us, the ministers of Christ, who have freely entered His service, and who rejoice in what it calls our fetters, that we are not free.' Here, again, is some outspoken language on the difference between the legal and medical professions, such as is not often heard in the pulpit: 'If you are hesitating between law and medicine, it must be admitted that modern English society seems to award a social pre-eminence to law. Yet surely the study of the framework of God's noblest earthly creatures is a higher study than that of any system of human jurisprudence, dashed as every such system must be by human caprice, by human shortsightedness, by human error. Surely the practice of a profession, almost every activity of which is a fresh corporal work of mercy, must have an increasing attraction for those

who, in the moral sense of the expression, seek "things above." Pardon me, brethren, if I speak too boldly in a matter on which there may fairly be difference of judgment; but I venture to hope, nay to believe, that as public opinion becomes more Christian, a higher, nay, the very highest social consideration will be everywhere assigned to the members of that noble profession of medicine, which ministers with the one hand to the progress of advancing science, while with the other it daily lavishes its countless deeds of unknown, unacknowledged generosity and kindness on the suffering poor.' Here, again, is a most interesting anecdote. 'There is a well-authenticated tradition of a famous argument between that great scholar and divine, Bishop Horsley, and one to whom I may be permitted to refer with something of the reverent admiration, due most assuredly from the members of a great society, to a name which it must ever cherish with love and honour—Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church. They sat, it is said, late into the night, pouring forth thought for which men would have given one of them at least scanty credit. They were debating the question whether God could be better reached by His creatures through the exercise of their intellect, or through the exercise of their affections. Unwillingly, but step by step, the Bishop, who advocated the claims of intellect, retreated before the arguments of his friend, till at length, in a spirit which did no less honour to his humility than to his candour, he exclaimed, "Then my whole life has been one great mistake." Mr. Liddon subjoins in a note, 'I am indebted to Dr. Pusey for this account: he received it from Bishop Lloyd.'

We had marked a number of passages which we would willingly like to discuss, where the religious interest is united to a popular interest, a literary interest, and the interest that belongs both to mental and natural science. But our limits, and the difficult nature of the ground to be here traversed, warn

us to forbear, and merely to entreat our readers to study the writings of the brightest and fullest-orbed mind in the Church of England. That mind rises fully above the dwarfed controversies of the national church, and takes in with keenest glance all their respective relations to the Catholic Church throughout all the world. There is hardly any thought or difficulty that has agitated Christian Europe but is here honestly and boldly stated and discussed from the Christian platform, whether connected with the names of Rousseau or Renan, Hegel or Schleiermacher, Hobbes or Mill. The only preacher who approximates to the intense hold which Mr. Liddon possesses on the hearts and minds of his hearers is the Rev. Stopford Brooke, the biographer of Robertson, and the minister in York Street, St. James's. There is very considerable divergence between Mr. Liddon and Mr. Stopford Brooke in their views, and also in their corresponding intellectual character. There is a practice, a passion, a depth of speculation about Mr. Brooke in which he stands pre-eminent even to Mr. Liddon. Perhaps, however, Mr. Liddon would hardly desire to possess the intense originality which belongs to Mr. Brooke, and it must be confessed that originality is, after all, a dangerous gift for a preacher. Mr. Brooke's place in the church is so unique, and his recent volume of sermons so remarkable, that we have elsewhere sought to do justice to the subject.

We think, therefore, with the utmost confidence, that we may place Mr. Liddon first in the rank of the contemporary orators of the Anglican Church. We cannot but feel a deep feeling of regret, widespread, we are sure, that in this recent cloud of appointments he has not received episcopal preferment. We are not unmindful of the very great pulpit ability that at the present time exists among bishops and dignitaries of the Church. There are many who will refuse, even in favour of Mr. Liddon, to abandon their long and enduring preference of the

Bishop of Oxford; and if we regarded mere oratory alone, as we have intimated, the Bishop of Peterborough would bear away the palm. Dr. Magee is a born orator, while Mr. Liddon has superinduced intense culture upon his fervid style. Archbishop Thomson is noted for his thoughtful handling of philosophical subjects in the pulpit; at the same time most practical, most evangelic; with a grave earnestness rising into a pure, genuine eloquence. The present preacher at Lincoln's Inn, who succeeded Dr. Thomson, is Canon Cooke, who, while lacking the magic touch of eloquence, has the earnestness which is next to and the best part of eloquence, and is in the highest degree weighty and thoughtful. Dr. Moberly, the new Bishop of Salisbury, is one of those who, at the Oxford University pulpit, never failed to draw men largely around him. Of late years there seems to us to have been a distinct falling off in the character of London preaching. So many eminent men cease to hold charge in London. Thus we have lost such men as Thomson, Magee, Alford, Goulburn, Boyd, Dale, by cathedral or church elevation. It can hardly be said that their successors have made or are likely to make quite the same mark. The most remarkable regular preacher left in London is probably Mr. Stopford Brooke. Far in the west, Mr. Molyneux, and far in the east, Dr. Rowsell, attract and keep together great congregations. Doubtless in the metropolis itself, and also in the provinces, there are men who may hereafter rise to great eminence; but those who have been accustomed for years past to watch the condition of the metropolitan pulpit will probably admit that at the present time there is in London a considerable dearth of pulpit oratory of the highest excellence. It is sometimes said, with what degree of justice or injustice we do not pretend to determine, that the same is the case throughout the country. It must, however, be recollected that in all professions, the Church especially, character rather than ability is the true test

of excellence. More than eloquence, learning, fancy, there is need for Christian sincerity and active goodness. But though we willingly concede that these are the highest things, we see no reason for submitting to a low standard of excellence in matters on which depend the fundamental principle whether people will care to come to church and whether they will be attentive when they get there. We do not think that Mr. Liddon's eminent example is one that is susceptible of much general imitation. He would not be able himself to make such a prolonged and exhausting effort week by week, and no regular ordinary congregation would be competent to follow him. But there are certain demands which the laity are entitled to make upon the clergy, and the church if it is wise in this, its time of trial, will seek to meet them. The one accomplishment which brings some one to a level with the best and most cultured clergyman, is the power of extemporary speech, an accomplishment which in nearly every case is to be obtained by diligent effort. This generally succeeds in procuring the attention of the audience, and is a practice fraught with reflex good to the orator himself.

But let the clergyman not read mere homilies which would suit equally well or ill any age of the Church's history, but let him comprehend and meet the special character and wants of the times in which his own lot is cast. Then let the preacher be sincere and true to himself, going just so far and no further, as his own thoughts and feelings take him, avoiding all conventional goodness and assumption of mellifluous unction. Let him have the moral courage, if demands on his time and not business have driven him into a corner, to give a seven or ten minutes' sermon, something short and sweet, or tell his people that he is going to read them some other man's sermon. Above all, let them be men of broad thought and reading, cultivate habits of sympathy, toleration, and catholicity, that they may meet the moral and intellectual needs of their followers. The Anglican clergy needs not so much to be great orators, but the present elevation of the standard and tone. They may make themselves, through care, trustworthy guides of the people, and be a means of promoting balance and harmony in the state. It may not be given to them all to be Sons of Thunder, but they may all be 'Sons of Consolation.'

F. A.



THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

SCARBOROUGH.

THE broken weather produced a broken season this autumn in most of the watering-places except in those where the system of huge hotels has of late years been successfully imported. There, while houses and lodgings are at a discount, the hotels are full, and when the rest of the town is being deserted the hotel visitors are the last to depart. A huge hotel, such as, for instance, the Grand Hotel at Scarborough, is a little city in itself: it has its walks, lounges, promenades, dances, music, concentrating within its own limits the frivolities of a large population. But then Scarborough is a peculiar place, and the Grand Hotel is its most peculiar institution. It is not so splendidly finished and well established as the more limited Royal Hotel, but then its enormous dimensions and its distinctive character make the question of its eventual success a very interesting problem. It is a little too much of an imitation, a defective imitation, of the Grand Hôtel on the Boulevards, a notion helped by the staff of French waiters, the reproduction of the celebrated Paris dining-room, the system of accounts, and on the whole we are left lagging considerably behind the French model. But it is only the second season, and it may achieve much still. I observe that the Yorkshire people themselves generally go into lodgings, which can be as handsome and expensive as any hotel-rooms, because they belong to family clans and have lots of their own people about them. But people who come from a great distance, or who are solitary, come to huge hotels where there is abundant liveliness and infinite chances of companionship. It is curious to note in how rudimentary a form the acquaintanceship is knocked up, and how duly and prosperously it proceeds. You speak a little to your next-door neighbour,

perchance a lady, at the table d'hôte; perchance you settle down into the same proximity at dinner for several successive days; you get first a smile and then a nod. You are at liberty to ask for music and to turn over the music-leaves in the immense drawing-room; you make part in a sail to Whitby or Saltburn, or perhaps in a carriage expedition. The solitude is soon peopled with well-known forms, and even the loneliest man, with a moderate degree of tact and appearance, may find himself part and parcel of a very gay society.

The huge hotel system which has been imported into this country from Paris and New York may have inevitable drawbacks, but I imagine that it meets very exactly the social wants of a place like Scarborough. The table d'hôte system has never taken root in England, but it flourishes exceedingly well here and also at the Pavilion at Folkestone. I must, however, say in candour that the dinner need not be so long and the cookery might be better. People, however, get very hungry at Scarborough and do not eat scientifically. The people at the Grand are acting wisely in getting up a specialty for dancing. Dancing, as one of the fine arts, has been greatly declining in Yorkshire. Harrogate used to be famous for it; there was scarcely an hotel there where there was not dancing night after night, but now there is perhaps only one hotel in the place where the dancing is regularly kept up. They dance a good deal at the Grand. The Royal, and doubtless the other hotels on the South Cliff, have regular balls with their formal cards of admission, but these are rare. At the Grand they get up little balls or dancing parties two or three times a week, when you get what supper you like in the coffee-room with champagne-cup and claret-cup, and the dancing

does not last much beyond two in the morning.

I have said that Scarborough has a distinctive character, and that distinctive character is undoubtedly flirtation. It is carried to an amazing height, flagrantly and without disguise. Scarborough forms the great hunting-ground of the north. Girls confessedly go there to look up husbands, and men are confessedly looking out for wives. The north of England abounds in heiresses, and they crop up plentifully in Scarborough. Their belongings look very sharply after them, for the Detrimentials are busy here, loafing about on their narrow incomes, and inquiring diligently into all the variations of the matrimonial market. A huge hotel affords excellent chances of flirtation. There is that public drawing-room, where, when all the world is withdrawn to the Spa, there is abundant solitude in quiet recesses, not to mention the walks that may be achieved in the hall, the corridors, and the huge verandahs. But for all that the flirtation is not to be carried on so quietly as might be supposed. There is as much gossip in a big hotel as in a small town. Dowagers and others watch each little game most intently and comment on it incessantly. Scarborough society likes a lord, and will allow a great deal to a man of rank. By-the-way Scarborough has a lord of its own in the person of the popular Earl of Lonsborough, who has a beautiful place here, where he is about to receive the Prince of Wales. But Scarborough society knows its rights, and thinks a very middle-aged man of title unreasonable if he wants both youth and beauty at once in a bride; he ought to be content with the one or the other. Then gossip and rumour are busy in these vast shadowy halls. That pretty girl is hesitating whether she shall take that young man with two thousand a year or that old fellow with five. Perhaps the old fellow is deliberating whether he will marry the pretty portionless girl or take some more elderly lady with substantial property. It is soon keenly detected and then whis-

pered about in the hotel that such a person 'admires' such a lady. Thenceforward to some it becomes a keen delight to watch the history of this little transaction. It is very remarkable to notice how many elderly men there are in pursuit of young wives at Scarborough. The other night I counted numbers of grey-haired men dancing at a ball, and a grey beard dancing, it must be confessed, is hardly a very pleasing object for contemplation. A business man feels that he must work hard and make 'a little pile of his own' before he can seriously think of marriage. And so it comes to pass that in our more industrial counties young men are working while old men are wooing; and it is too much the case that young beauties prefer coin and a carriage to love and a cottage.

The fashionable town has overflowed from the South Cliff to the North Cliff. The North Cliff has the advantage of quietude and novelty, but it is very dull when compared with the South Cliff. This season the new pier has been opened. They have not yet had a band, and the new pier certainly strikes us as being dreary. The fashionable gatherings ought not to make any visitor oblivious of the great natural beauty of the scenery and the picturesqueness of the old town, that borough planted on the rock or scar. The sands are all alive with the happy children playing, with horsemen and horsewomen, with the scarlet postilions on the carriage-horses. Between the Grand Hotel and the jetty the sands are as well worn a track as Newberry Street itself. By the jetty and the lighthouse you see that Scarborough is a not inconsiderable port, and that many fishing-boats start here, boats of pleasure, traffic, and passage. The old town here rather reminds you of Hastings. Between lowly dwellings you go up a very steep street called Church Stairs Street, and very appropriately so, for it is a literal going up of stairs. It is like that steep street of Clovelly which has justly been described as 'a cat-ract of houses.' Then you emerge

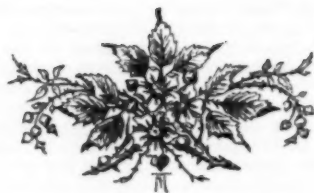
on the wide, desolate churchyard, swept by the northern storms; and you will do well to enter that magnificent old church, with its associations of the battles that wrecked its choir. Pleasant it is to pace that stupendous headland, where stand the reliquary ruins of the castle, and to look down the sheer precipices, where the seabird is flying between you and the wave, and examine the fosses, dykes, and scarped cliffs that remind you of the memorable siege. Across the bay and the ravine rises the opposing height called Oliver's Mount. The Scarborough people say that Oliver Cromwell here planted his cannon against the castle. They are, however, very much at fault in their history, for, as a matter of fact, Oliver Cromwell never 'assisted' at the siege of Scarborough. Still it is very well worth your while to climb up that long succession of terraces that conduct you to the summit of the Mount. There is the best attainable view of Scarborough from here. You see the sea, trending away, north and south, through a succession of points and bays, northwards to the moorlands of Whitby, and southwards to the white chalk cliffs of Flamborough Head, the favourite haunt of those 'pilot' seagulls, whose shrill screams warn the mariners from the perilous rocks. On a clear day you may discern Castle Howard from here. It is one of the sights of Scarborough, but, it must be acknowledged, rather remote for a visit. Still I did it, and thought it worth doing. There is something melancholy, however, in recalling the genius, taste, and activity of the last earl, and contrasting with it that comparative silence and solitude which belong to the rule of the present lord. It is as well that Admiral Howard does for Castle Howard what the lamented Lord Herbert did so long for Wilton. A day amid the statues and pictures, the gardens and woods of Castle Howard is an agreeable interlude for a stay at Scarborough.

But of course the great social charm of Scarborough is the Spa.

The people here are simply delicious on the subject of their Spa. They frequent it morning, noon, and night. In my wanderings round the environs I was surprised to see how comparatively few were interesting themselves with the landscapes or with the antiquities. All Scarborough concentrates itself at the Spa. The Spa itself, considered simply as a Spa, is probably not much more than a snare, a mockery, and a delusion. Not one in a thousand cares for the medicated fountains. The Spa is a truly wonderful place. You may have seen all the best watering-places at home—you may have seen many of the best abroad; but you must own that Scarborough Spa is absolutely unique, inimitable in its way. That cliff bridge, with its sixpenny admission for the whole day, is the most crowded of all thoroughfares. The whole cliff, as far as possible, is planted with hardy trees that can withstand the Norse gales, with masses of ferns and undergrowths, and winding paths through the woods. Then come terraces with flower-beds; and so you descend to the Spa buildings and the long wide terrace in front. Looking up from the terrace on a brilliant morning we see parterres of flowers, and still more bewildering parterres of living beauty. The scene is wonderful at night, especially if it is a moonlight night and the tide is up. Then the sea is plunging close beneath the balustrade, and the terrace is brilliantly lighted, and noble music is crashing, and crowds of men and splendidly-attired women are pacing the terraces or wandering in the walks. Perhaps the provincial belles are in their dress a little too gaudy and gauzy, but every now and then you meet with some perfectness of costume that tells of the best society in London and Paris. The 'Grecian bend' has not, so far as I have observed, penetrated into Scarborough, but I am told that something which is called the 'Alexandra limp' has come into fashion. There is a very fashionable young lady who wears a high-heeled boot on one foot and a low-heeled boot on the other, which

is supposed to confer an elegant drawl on the attitude, and to produce a highly effective result. The vagaries of fashion are most curious, and some of the most abnormal specimens may be studied in such a place as Scarborough. I do not wonder that this queen of northern watering-places is such a passionate favourite with the North country folk, and, through the system of railways, with people all over the country. People come here again and again, and think that the year is lost which has not

had its six weeks at Scarborough. You may stay later if you like—later than you would have thought possible for the eastern coast, through the earlier winter months—so pure, bracing, and comparatively mild is the climate—but when the east winds really set in, then let the narrow-chested beware, and take their swallow flight over the country to nestle beneath the cliffs of Torquay, or to sun themselves by the dark-blue waters that lave the Riviera.





MISS MARY ANN BROWN, 1840-1860

DAUGHTER OF MR. & MRS. J. BROWN, NEW YORK

is supposed to make an elegant dress on the attitude, and to produce a highly effective result. The vagaries of fashion are most curious, and some of the most abnormal specimens may be studied in such a place as Scarborough. I do not wonder that this queen of northern watering-places is such a passionate favourite with the North country folk; and, through the system of railways, with people all over the country. People come here again and again, and think that the year is hot which has not

had its six weeks at Scarborough. You may stay later if you like—later than you would have thought possible for the eastern coast, through the earlier winter months—so pure, leading, and comparatively mild is the climate—but when the real winds really set in, then let the narrow-chested beware, and take their swallow flight over the country to nestle beneath the cliffs of Torquay, or to sun themselves by the dark-blue waters that bathe the Riviera.





STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

COUNTESS REVENTLOW.

Drawn by the late George H. Thomas. Engraved by William L. Thomas.